FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK Pictured and Described.

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 15, 1932
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1708 OCT. 15, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Special OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW Section

Fully Illustrated in this Issue.

"Luvisca" REG'D SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca REG'D COURTAULDS

BRITISH IN MANUFACTURE.

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

FROM the instant a "LUVISCA" Shirt settles snugly upon your shoulders, the mirror tells you that the day is well begun. As nicely tailored as any suit. As smooth and smart as one could wish; giving supreme comfort at every moment of work or play. Equally satisfying are "LUVISCA" Pyjamas. See both ranges—leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, and all AUSTIN REED Shops have them in fine, wash-fast colourings.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

For liver attacks and constipation
Drink
"APENTA"
Natural Aperient Water
TRADE MARK
Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

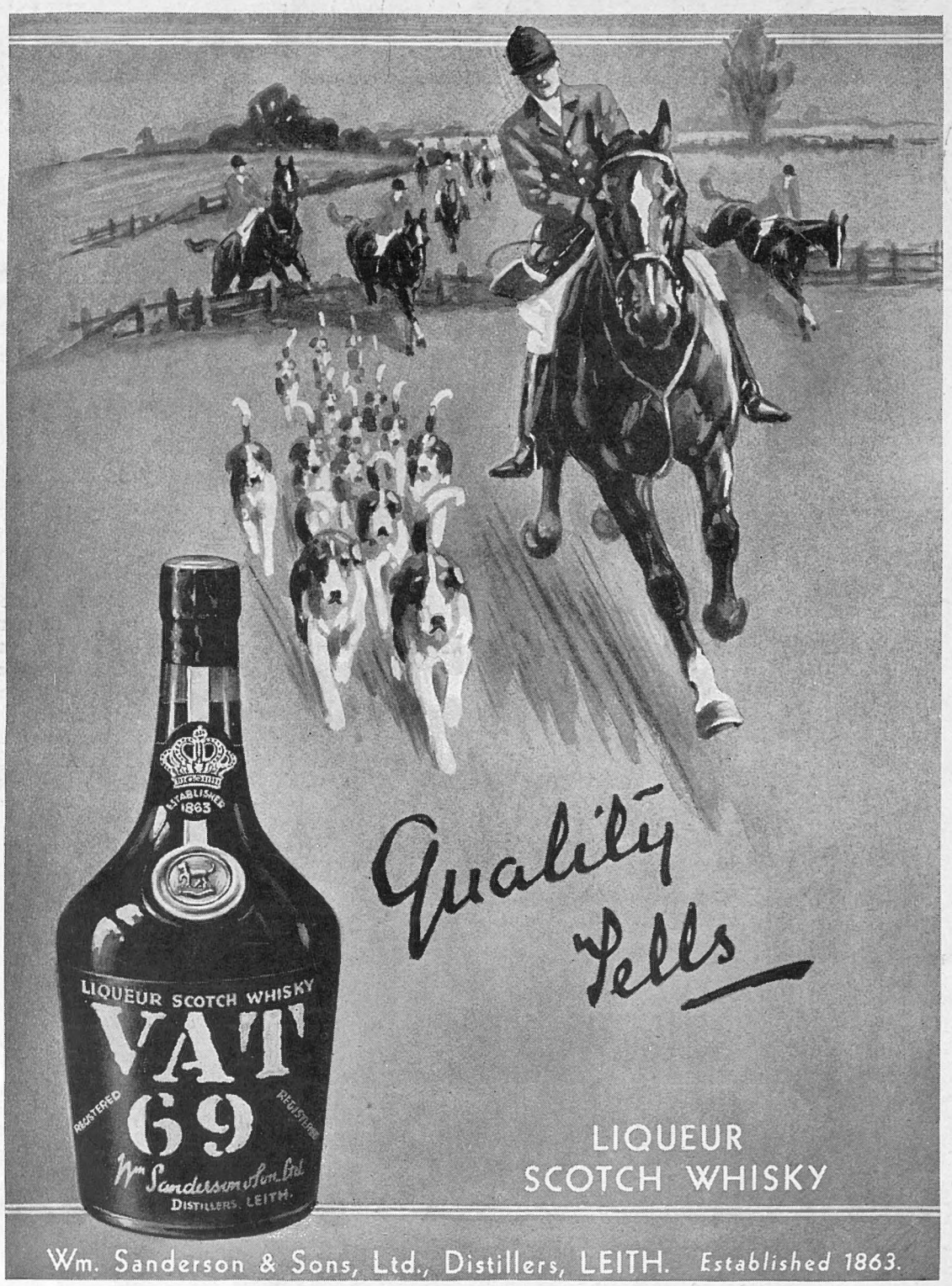
CANADIAN CLUB TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Don't Let DEAFNESS Debar You from Sport

DEAFNESS can rob you of half the pleasures of life—don't let it—HEAR all you wish to hear with the NEW FEATHERWEIGHT BUTTON. True-to-tone and INCONSPICUOUS for church, conversation, sport, talkies, etc., whether slightly or very deaf (headnoises).
NO CONSULTATION FEE
10-6 Daily
FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED
309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718
Commended by Every important BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
W. & R. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF BADL

THREE STAR BRANDY
INSIST ON
HENNESSY
HENNESSY XO GUARANTEED OVER FORTY YEARS OLD

KUTNOW'S POWDER
EFFERVESCENT SALINE
Taken Every Morning
Keeps you
Internally Clean



HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH

Smartwear

NO DEPOSIT.
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED EVEN FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOT HOUSEHOLDERS.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms—the finest in London—or if you are unable to call, our specially trained staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

FURS AND FUR
Coats a speciality.
Extended Credit Payments to suit customers' convenience. Write for fully illustrated Fur Catalogue.

"JOAN"
This striking Coat in Cumberland Diagonal Tweed is well-tailored, and has smart collar of half-Persian Lamb. Lined Silk. Colours: Dark Brown, Light Brown, and all the new shades. All Sizes including outsize.
PRICE 7½ gns.

No extra charge for outsizes or models made to measure. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

Smartwear Supply CINTRA PEARLS 16 ins. long with gold clasp complete 10/- only

Write for beautifully illustrated Autumn and Winter Catalogue of Ladies' Latest Fashions, sent gratis and post free. Address in full to Dept. A.20.

Smartwear LTD.
263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

"JOAN"
Yours for first Payment of 20/- Post Free and
20/- MONTHLY

WHY NOT FACE THE FACTS?
Your Life Foretold by Astrology.

PROFESSOR ELROY the Astrologer, whose work is known and appreciated in practically every country on the face of the globe, invites interested readers to obtain a free Astrological study of their lives, prepared according to his original and unique method. Whatever your present opinions of Astrology may be—whether you are favourably inclined, definitely sceptical, or of an open mind—he invites YOU to test his system, and join the legion of satisfied clients whose praise has won for him the reputation of being one of the greatest living exponents of the science. People of various nationalities testify to his powers and the uncanny accuracy of his predictions. If you are not afraid to face the FACTS about yourself, and would welcome the truth, a review of your life will be sent if you are sufficiently interested to ask. This document of about 500 words will be written in plain, straightforward language, and will throw light on much which at this moment may seem dark or doubtful.

If you wish to accept this offer, write a brief note stating the exact **DATE** and **PLACE** of your birth, enclosing 1/- Postal Order to defray actual expenses (partial cost of this announcement, postage, clerical charges, etc.), and within a few hours of your letter reaching its destination a candid clearly written statement will be sent to you.

Address: PROF. ELROY (Dept. S.)
37 Albemarle Street — London, W.1.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge
FOR
CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- *per box*
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

Cuticura Talcum
Soothes and cools Father's face and removes the after-shaving shine, comforts Baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation, and gives the finishing touch to Mother's toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.
British Depot: **F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.**
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

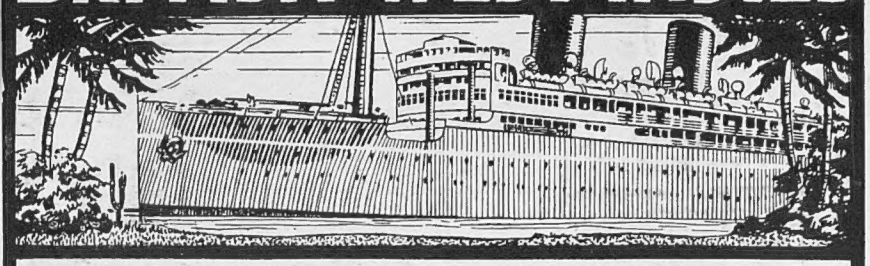
SEE 1933 **TRIUMPH**
CARS on Stand 63 OLYMPIA Oct. 13th-22nd.

Super Eight Saloon de Luxe **£155**, Super Nine Saloon de Luxe **£189**.
"Twelve Six" Saloon de Luxe **£198**, "Southern Cross" Sports **£225**.
Everything you can conceivably require is included. Write for the 1933 Triumph catalogue.

TRIUMPH MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY, LONDON: 213, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

MAXIM PEARLS
Great Advertising Offer for a Short Period Only
To prove the superiority of MAXIM PEARLS over all others we will, on receipt of 7/6, send you post free a Magnificent MAXIM Pearl Rope, 60 ins. long, usual price 2 gns., can be worn either as 1, 2 or 3 row necklet. No more than two sent to one address.
Maxims, Jewellers, Dept. 2, Norwich Union Buildings, 39, St. James Street, S.W.1.

A P&O CRUISE to the BRITISH WEST INDIES



by the 20,000-ton turbo-electric

VICEROY OF INDIA

Fitted especially for passengers' enjoyment in tropical waters

December 21 - - Thirty-eight days

FARES FROM SEVENTY GUINEAS

The Viceroy of India is beautifully fitted and appointed. Many single berth cabins. Handsome bathroom suites. Wide decks for sports, dancing, sun-bathing or rest. Excellent table. Unique personal service in all departments. The itinerary embraces the Bermudas, most of the British Isles of the Caribbean Sea, and brings the "Viceroy" to the Azores on Christmas Day. Returning, she will call at Madeira and Casablanca.

For cabin plan and pictorial description of the Cruise apply

P&O CRUISES

14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1
City Office: 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3
Strand Office: Australia House, W.C. 2

P & O ROUND VOYAGES
ONE SHIP—1st Class

Australia	£150	Straits	£140
Japan	£150	China	£140

Apply as above

L.A.

SOME DAY

He'll thank you

WHEN he grows up, old enough to realise what a priceless blessing is that good-health he now enjoys, he will thank you for your wisdom in starting him in the habit of using Wright's. The healthy freshness which Wright's encourages; the protection from infection which Wright's affords; the gentle way in which the tenderest skin is cleansed—for all these aids to health and happiness, he will thank **you**—and

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet

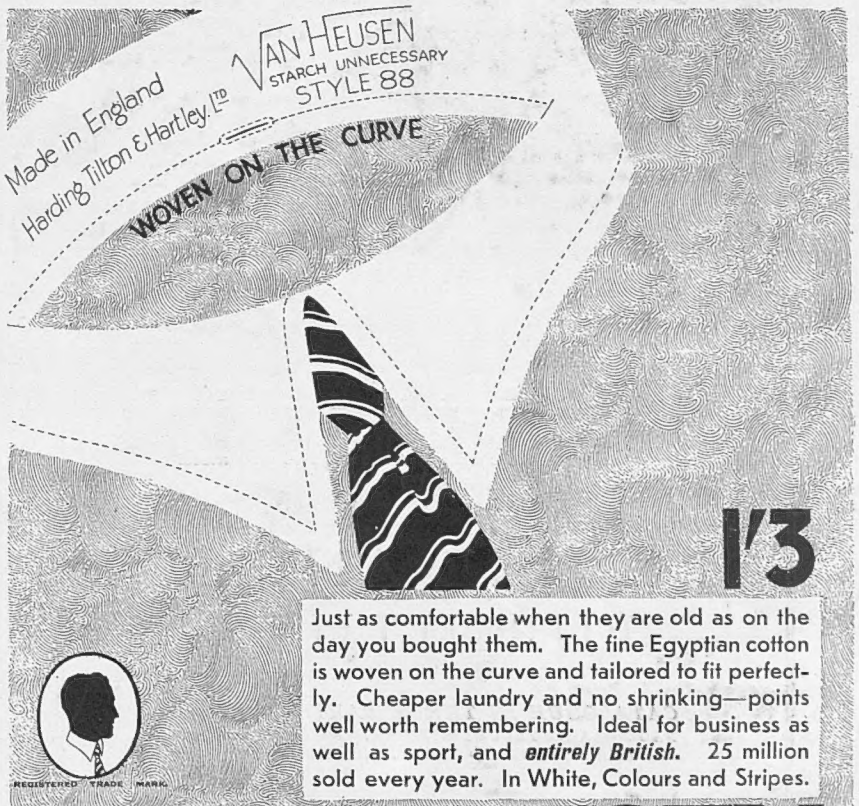
SPAIN

THE Country of age-old castles, marvels of engineering set amongst Nature's masterpieces of form, colour and beauty. Castles representing the years of unremitting toil of hundreds of men, and which now, their walls toned down by the action of time, merge with their surroundings.

A delight indeed to the eye, yet near these old-world surroundings the most comfortable hotels can be found . . . . and gorgeous sunshine!

Full particulars from—PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO
(Spanish State Tourist Department)
MADRID: Medinaceli 2. PARIS: Bd. de la Madeleine 12.
LONDON: "Daily Telegraph." Thomas Cook & Son, Ltd. American Express Co., Inc. Polytechnic Touring Assn., Ltd. Dean & Dawson, Ltd. George Lunn's Tours, Ltd. The Workers' Travel Assn., Ltd. Pickford's Travel Service. Frames' Tours Ltd.

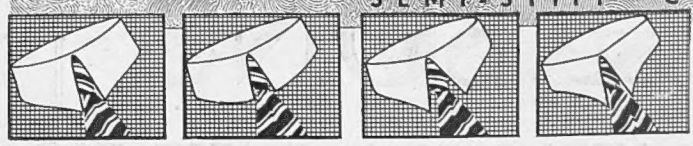
Havas, London



Just as comfortable when they are old as on the day you bought them. The fine Egyptian cotton is woven on the curve and tailored to fit perfectly. Cheaper laundry and no shrinking—points well worth remembering. Ideal for business as well as sport, and ***entirely British.*** 25 million sold every year. In White, Colours and Stripes.

VAN HEUSEN
TRADE MARK

THE ORIGINAL
SEMI-STIFF COLLAR



STYLE 11 STYLE 55 STYLE 88 STYLE 99

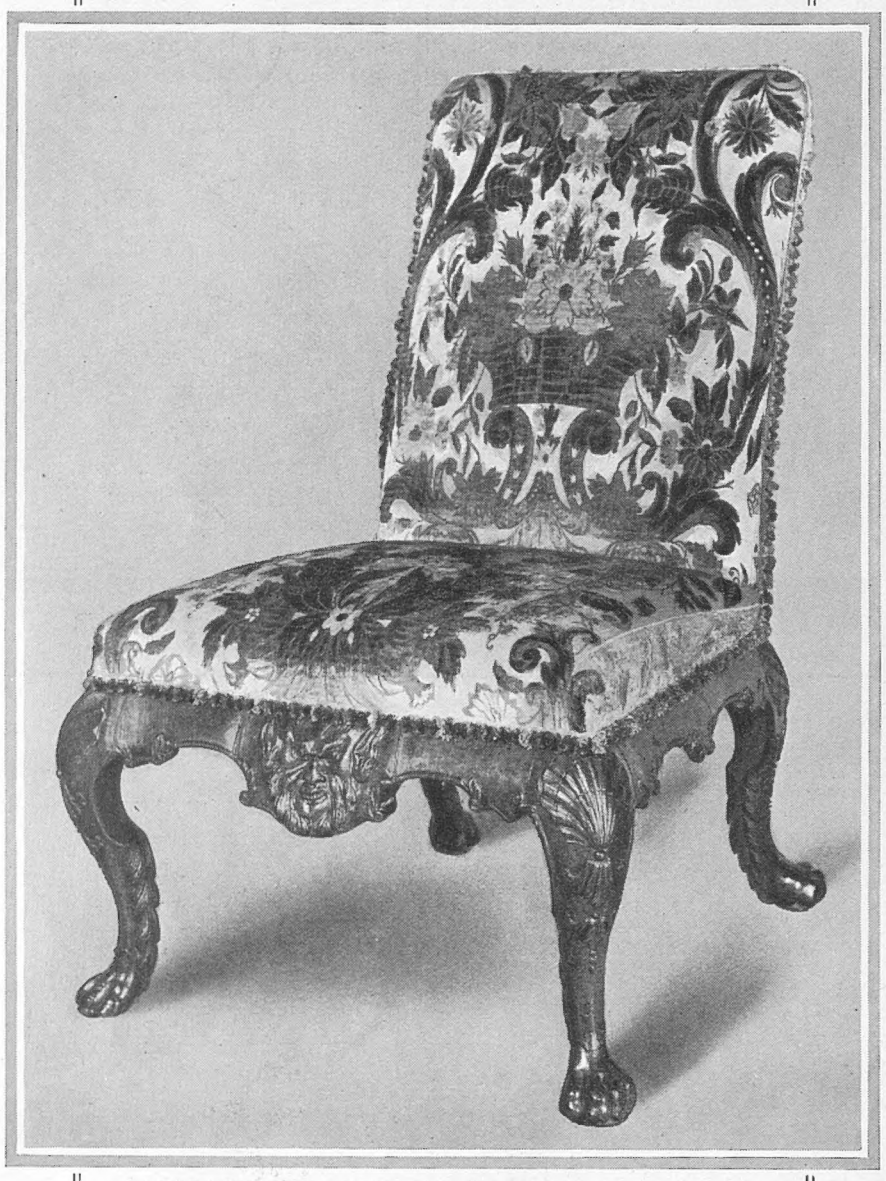
Sole Manufacturers
HARDING TILTON & HARTLEY Ltd
Kinnaird House
Pall Mall East
London, S.W. 1

E.W.G.

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

A number of rare specimens of antique furniture from our collection are being shown at the
EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES



A RARE GEORGE I. CHAIR with stuffed back, in contemporary jardinière velvet: the underframe and shaped legs of carved walnutwood.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE

CATALOGUE IN THREE PARTS; OVER 450 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS, PRICE £1.16.0 THE SET, OR 12/- EACH PART, POST FREE.

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 TO 52 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

LIBERTY
FURNITURE, DECORATIONS
PANELLING
DESIGNS & ESTIMATES PREPARED FREE
LIBERTY & Co. REGENT ST, LONDON. W.1

HOWARDS' BY APPOINTMENT
"DUVET" CHAIRS
and SOFAS

OWN MAKE
NATURAL SPRING
PARQUET DANCE FLOORS
A SPECIALITY

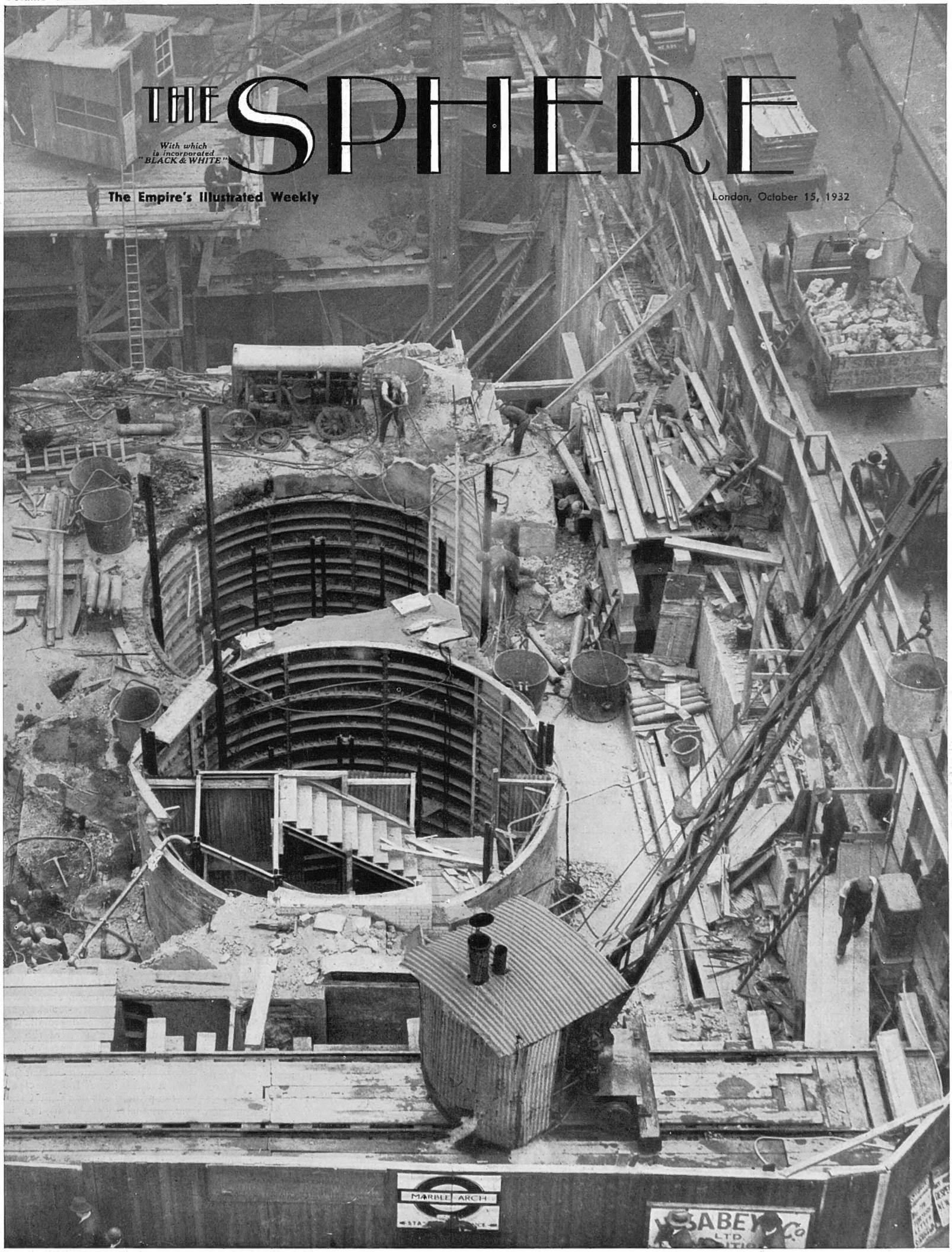
FURNITURE & DECORATION.
25,26,27, BERNERS ST, LONDON. W.1.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 15, 1932



LONDON WITH THE LID OFF

The Tube Station at Marble Arch in Course of Alteration

The capital of the world is changing day by day. New buildings—many of them in a new style—are springing up as if by magic, and the whole face of the city is being transformed. One of these transitional stages is illustrated in the striking picture shown above which shows the twin lift-shafts, now rendered obsolete by the installation of escalators, in the Marble Arch Station on the Central London Railway in course of demolition. This station will, it is anticipated, prove another Piccadilly Circus subway and arcade

Postage—Inland 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A London New

THE GUARDS MARCH EASY: The Grenadier Guards, not in the scarlet and bearskin traditionally connoted by their title nor bound in the chains of that superb and rigid discipline of which they are at once the symbol and the admiration of the world, but marching easy in khaki across Westminster Bridge to entrain for Aldershot

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 12, 1932.

THE LOGIC OF FACTS.

—The logic of facts is stern and inexorable. Mr. de Valera made this very clear to the nations of the world, met in conclave, when he pointed out the errors, failure, and short-sightedness of the League. Europe is big and its interests wide and complex; the Free State is small and its industries few. But the logic of facts is applicable to great and small alike, and Mr. de Valera has found it so. The preacher is not exempted from the application of his own texts. We have no right to feel surprise at Irish petulance and Irish gestures of revolt from British interference. We must bear the burden of our ancestors' guilt. For centuries we misused and mismanaged Ireland. We made her a milch cow for royal mistresses and favourites; we ignored the temperament and temper of a race which will ever be more foreign than the least understood of foreign races; we threw away every chance of conciliating and understanding Ireland. But our blindness, stupidity and insults ended with the twentieth century. Politicians alive to-day have no share whatever in that guilt. The last statesmen implicated in the bad old tradition are dead, and the dead past must be buried. Mr. de Valera has allowed second thoughts and calmer reflections to prevail. The sudden gesture of revolt and hatred is excusable if we re-read Irish history (1500 to 1900). But the last thirty years tell a different story; and Mr. de Valera, if he reopens negotiations with the British Government, must confine his brief to the events of one generation.

BURY THE DEAD PAST.

—And thus circumscribed, his brief will reveal nothing very criminal against the British Government. There is failure and hesitancy—these things are common to every twentieth century Government in this age when government is a task for supermen. But tyranny, selfishness, and lack of sympathy cannot be charged against our generation. Rather, there is revealed a policy of conciliation carried almost beyond the limits of dignity. We have kept the door open in the face of humiliating insults. Let him come with humility and with clean hands, as befits the temporary head of a young unit of Empire. Let him learn from older units, and appreciate what deep, calm, and long reflection must precede policy in these impossibly difficult times. Let him forget the past and study the present. He is negotiating not with the guilty, but with the innocent and conciliatory living. The Irish farmer cries out to him to save at the eleventh hour his country's vital industry, brought swiftly to ruin for a gesture of defiance excusable perhaps, but not indefinitely maintainable. And surely even the unthinking hot-heads behind him must hear that cry, and concede to him the adoption of a new attitude of conciliation, humility, common honesty, and amnesty for past guilt, however crimson. For this is the logic of facts—the country that feeds on dead grievances slowly starves itself to death, physically and morally.

BRITONS NEVER, NEVER, ETC.

—The inhabitants of what was once called "These Islands" have for centuries been credited with certain vigorous characteristics. They have been lauded in song as lovers of freedom and haters of slavery. They are supposed to loathe dictation; to detest interference with their private affairs and with individual enterprise. They are held to recognize and appreciate those solid qualities which comprise "character" in the leaders they choose, to follow none but such leaders, and to suffer dictation from no outside or foreign source, least of all in their own homes. These labels have of late sometimes appeared to me curiously out of date. I remember years ago my surprise that the free and independent electors of an English constituency should have long remained content to be represented by Mr. Saklatvala—an excellent man, no doubt, but not a type to appeal to our Englishman of the label. The years pass and, as they pass, the label seems less and less adapted to describe the majority of Britons. The Socialist Party represents at least half the nation, in theory always, in practice often. Accordingly the declared policy of the party has the approval and often the support of half the nation. And the Socialist Party's policy — as Mr. Henderson signified it last week—is directly opposed to everything for which the Briton of the label stands. When the Socialist Party comes into office again a majority of the nation will have approved the principle of government by trades union junta; of secret control from outside over a Cabinet of puppets; of State control of banking and the many-sided business of financial houses; and of agriculture, and finally of a medieval expedient called "Emergency Powers," whereby any private concern that may escape the meshes of the State net may be "dealt with" if it appear to obstruct or oppose the Government's policy. Puppets at the top, tyrants behind the throne and spies behind the arras, on a plan borrowed from a foreign country. And this is only the beginning of the reign of terror if bright young Sir Stafford gets his way or relentless Sir Charles can get a hearing in Babel.

CRIME IN SURREY.

—In his address to the Grand Jury at the opening of Sessions at Kingston last week the chairman, Mr. Cecil Whiteley, gave some figures which must have startled the assembly of justices, jurors, and general public. In referring to his retirement from the chairmanship, Mr. Whiteley admitted that the work had become so heavy that he could no longer give the time and attention to it which were necessary. He stated that whereas last year 100 criminal charges had been investigated by his Courts, in the current year the figures had *doubled;* and further, cases were now dealt with at Sessions which four years ago could not conceivably have been tried except by one of H.M. Judges. In all, the cases before his Courts or transferred outside his jurisdiction had risen to 300 from 100 in a single year. These figures (which involve for the County of Surrey an important question of jurisdiction for the future) are certainly startling. The increase is doubtless in part explainable by the growth of a vulnerable suburban Surrey, by the wave of motor-car crime and housebreaking, by unemployment and the revolt of youth; but only in part. There remains the unpleasant fact that crime is increasing steadily and inexplicably. To deal with the work involved, an immense load of responsibility is now thrown on unpaid volunteers, and when those volunteers have shouldered the last ounce they can stand the county must face the question from the point of view of the ratepayers, on whom falls the enormously increased costs involved in transferring the trial of charges outside the county and into London.

LOWER TAXATION.

—It is not easy to find in published statistics any strong indication that revenue and other incomings will justify the lowering of taxation next April. The nation, like the railways, must still rely for survival on economy rather than on revenue. But one thing is now driven in and nailed down under the skulls of all who control our destinies, and that is that unless the burden of taxation be lightened we cannot rise to take advantage of the first breeze of better trade. And since there is but one way, we must begin seriously to tackle economy in administration. Mr. Chamberlain made it quite clear once more that the Government is resolute to do so. But now, at this eleventh hour, the country is not to be satisfied with the "exploring of avenues." We are not prepared any longer to suffer the permanent officials in Whitehall to damp down contemptuously and smother the little flicker. It will insist that the Cabinet Ministers holding office should exert their right to dictate to the Civil Service heads. And the only way in which they can do so satisfactorily is by making themselves independent of the Permanent Secretaries in knowledge of their departments. The principle of "you have the power but we have the knowledge" has too long emasculated all serious efforts to check extravagance in administrative services.

BROADCAST APOLOGIES.

—That broadcasting of political speeches is swiftly tearing away the last shreds of illusion which the public may retain concerning the art of political and public oratory, I have often felt and sometimes remarked. Orators well know that to reach a mass audience the ideas must be simple, simply expressed and punctuated with analogies as primitive as swaddling clothes and as familiar as nursery rhymes. In a word, you must be simple and trite to the point of absurdity and can depend for your appeal and your reputation not on your words but on your voice and manner. But on the Radio, your voice is disguised and your dramatic ability dissipated and you stand forth to the public a mere machine for flagellating dead donkeys. The politician has suffered in his reputation, and another B.B.C. "amenity" is playing Old Harry with what remains of public interest in politics. I refer to the intolerable practice of letting party politicians broadcast their apologia for their actions in the party game. It may be right (though I doubt it) for the Premier to announce and even explain his policy on some important public question to the millions. It may be right as a democratic ideal. But while Democracy remains in anything but an ideal state, it is very doubtful if this bending and bowing to the public makes for strong, dignified, and easy government. But to inflict on us the soul-communings of party lieutenants at a time of National government and National effort does no service to politics nor to the B.B.C., nor, indeed, to the apologists themselves.

"CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ."

—It passes my comprehension how anybody who cares for cricket, and would preserve from commercialism and sensationalism the spirit of the game, dare complain of the excellent principles adopted by the Australian Board of Control in banning cricket journalism as a side issue for selected players. This principle is one which the M.C.C. strenuously upholds to the joy of all true lovers of the game. Australia is cricket-mad and takes the game more seriously than politics. For that reason alone it should wish its players to concentrate on the game and to be spared the necessity of burning midnight oil and facing the anxiety which is the lot of reporters and journalists. Bradman is better with the bat than with the pen. He has done his apprenticeship—an arduous business—with the bat; but not with the pen. If I may say so, it is cheek to suppose that, while batting needs patient and humble practice before excellence is achieved, any jackass can write well who buys a pen. Your cricketer is a poor journalist. There are scores of trained penmen who know the cricket game through and through and can write up the tests well and truly, and can take moreover the impersonal and broader view without which cricket journalism is but tiresome twaddle. If Bradman wants to be a journalist, he is better out of the sort of cricket which we treat as

sletter

portentous history-making. While we hate to lose the chance of bowling Bradman out, we shall deplore the making of an exception in his case. We want him to play; we are pretty sure he will play; but we don't want him to play with ink-stained fingers, having received exceptional treatment because he draws a big public.

DINNER AT SLATIN'S.—A friend who knew Slatin Pasha in the Sudan sends me, with his appreciation of that genial and interesting man, an amusing little recollection of one of those cosmopolitan little dinners of his which he often arranged so successfully in Khartum. My friend arrived late and was introduced to the guests in turn by his host. Baron von Seidlitz, Count Hunyadi, Herr Kreuchen . . . . "If I know anything of the excellence of your dinners," said my friend in a whispered aside to Slatin, "these gentlemen are before their time."

TOM PELLATT.—The author of *Dizzy*, the new Westminster Theatre production, which has at least given Mr. Milton an opportunity for a very interesting character study, is a private schoolmaster of ripe experience. "Boys" of fifty have to-day vivid memories of their first beginnings at Langton Matravers, and Tom Pellatt has qualified to educate the grandchildren of his first pupils. It is a charming and curiously furnished house in which he lives near Swanage, and in old days Mr. Pellatt was a marked pioneer in education. For his boys "ran riot," gardening, farming, roaming, and running themselves, in days when a dull, strict, and soulless regime was the rule elsewhere. The boys are notable actors, as one would expect; they learn to amuse themselves (a blessing to parents in the holidays); they become expert in rustic lore, and (despite these qualifications) are welcomed by the dourest public school critics of private school training. The last time I visited that charming school, Henry Ainley (a parent) was also a visitor, and the boys had the valuable and unforgettable experience of hearing Shakespeare read in a matchless voice and with understanding of every point and hidden beauty of phrase.

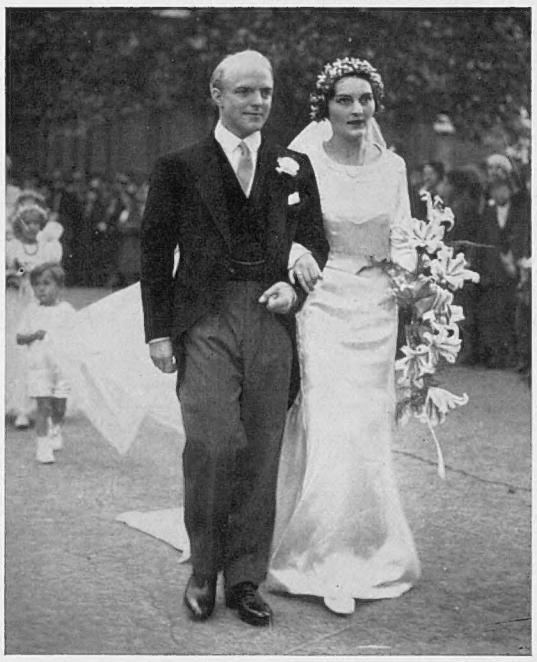
MEN OF TO-MORROW.—Labels are not reliable things nowadays—least of all those tied on for propaganda purposes. Anthony Gibbs's story of Oxford life and University morals now at the *Plaza* is not "amazing," nor is the play "daring." It is, on the contrary, rather an idyll and very suitable for young misses. Nor was it necessary to suggest suggestiveness. It is slight and sketchy in the sense that the action moves almost bewilderingly quickly. But it is quite worth seeing by Oxford alumni and others, for it is charmingly acted by pleasant and natural young men and girls. It is the only film depicting Oxford University life which has achieved a considerable chunk of reality, in my limited experience. It does not rub you up the wrong way at every flicker. It has humanity, beauty, and the eternal "tears of things" in its study of the tragi-comedy of youth. Why then suggest that it is "daring," sensational, and near the wind? It has merit of its own to win to success. I should pull off that label which certainly did not draw me to the Plaza. I went in on a better ticket—the advice of a discerning friend.

AMERICA LEADS.—America still has us beat with the purple and pulsing human story in journalism:

CHICAGO, September 19.—Mrs. Dorothy Pollak, 26-year-old brunette beauty who shot and killed her husband Joe, a wholesale bootlegger, and was acquitted a few weeks ago, appeared to-day before Coroner Frank Walsh, who was the original official to have her held for murder. Her reason for reviving the acquaintance was an effort to have the coroner compel John Eudeikis, undertaker, to return to her a diamond ring and a watch which Mr. Eudeikis said he was holding as security for the unpaid balance of the cost of burying Pollak. The jewelry had been taken from the body. *Fresh from her triumphs at a loop burlesque theatre where she was featured as "Chicago's most beautiful murderess" and where she charmed thousands with a five-times-a-day rendition of the song "I'm Sorry, Dear,"* Mrs. Pollak tearfully informed Coroner Walsh that Eudeikis "had just run away with himself" and had got all that was coming to him in the matter of the funeral and the burying. "It was a nice funeral," admitted Mrs. Pollak as she called to remembrance the spectacle of 15,000 milling people thronging so close to the grave that three of them were pushed into it and on top of the coffin.

THE OLD STAGER.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Lord O'Neill and Miss Ann Charteris, a niece of the Duchess of Rutland, after their marriage a few days ago



ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Mr. Harold Caccia, of the Foreign Office, and Miss Anne Barstow, the daughter of Sir George and Lady Barstow

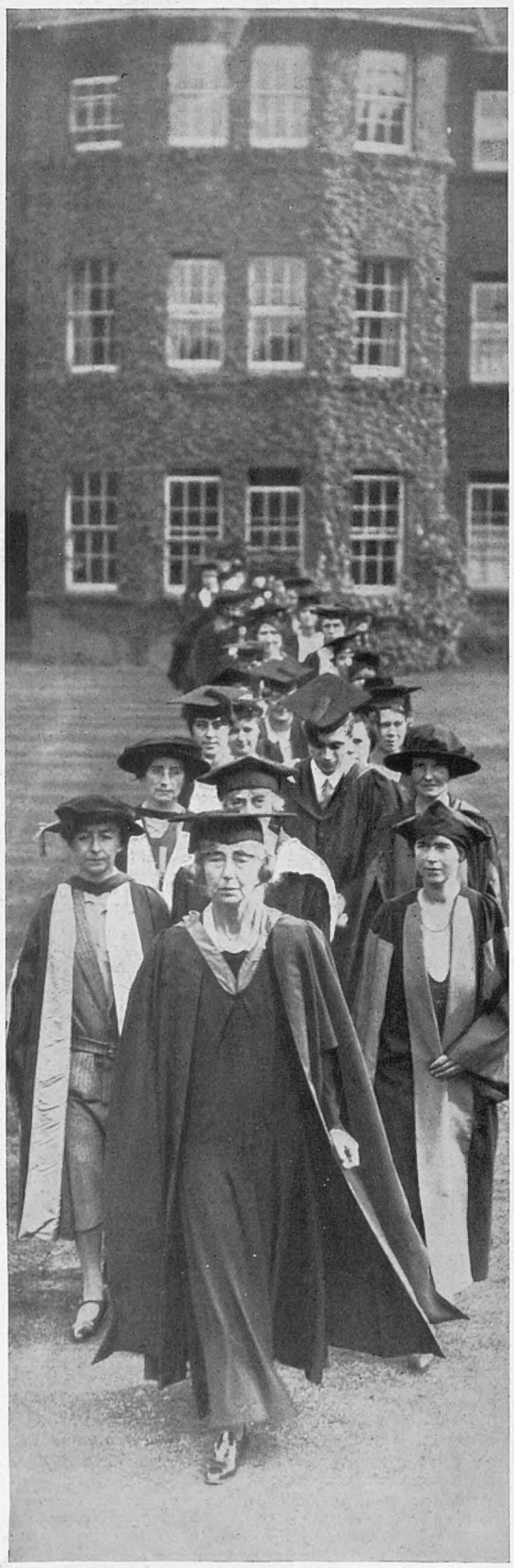
AT THE ROYAL MILITARY CHAPEL: Mr. G. L. Mackeson, Irish Guards, and Miss Geraldine Sandbach, only child of the late Major-General Sandbach

ST. GEORGE'S, DUNSTER, SOMERSET: Lady Rosemary Baring, the daughter of the Earl of Cromer, with her bridegroom, Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Hill, the Commander of the Eton O.T.C.

CHRIST CHURCH, DOWN STREET: Mr. Ewart Duncan Pochney and Miss Margaret Davie after their marriage

HOME NEWS

WELL ON THE MEND: Mr. Winston Churchill refuses to be deprived of his cigar even on a stretcher—a scene as he left the nursing home in Beaumont Street after his attack of paratyphoid



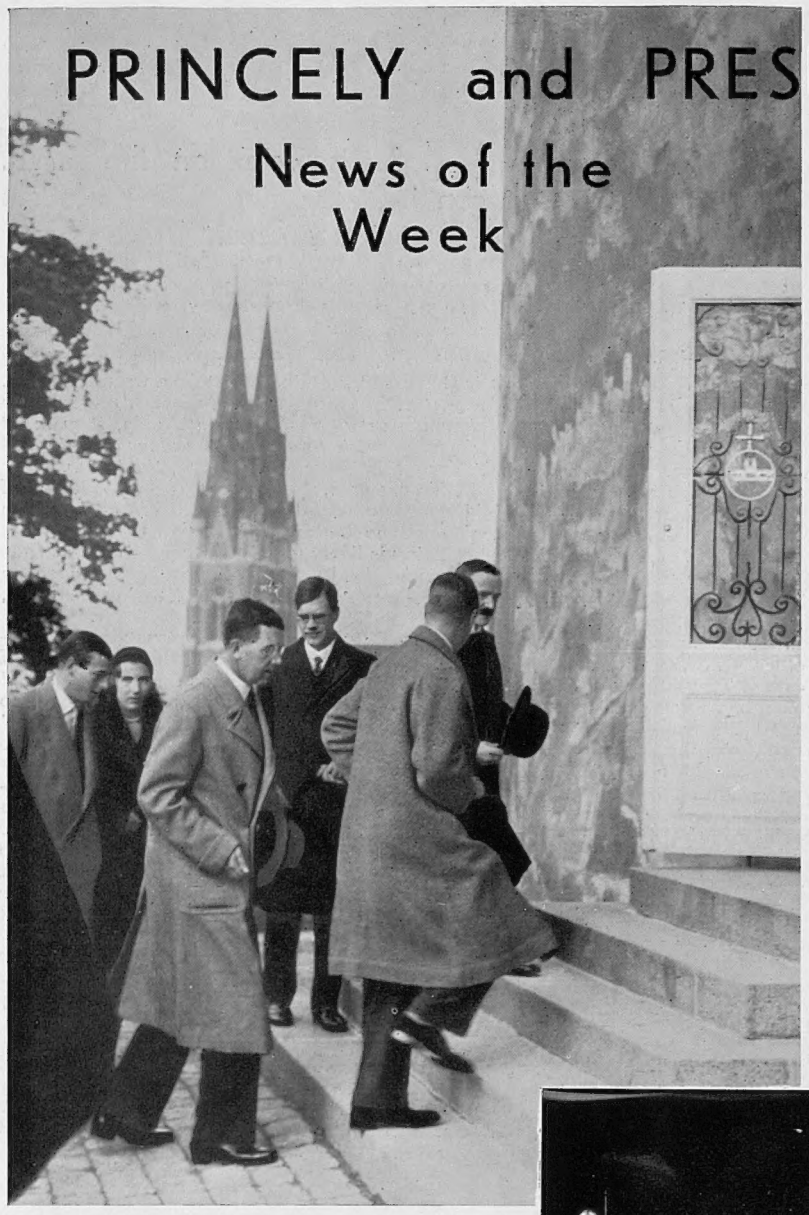
JUBILEE: The procession marking the half-century of Westfield College—the feminine side of London University—at which Miss Chapman has succeeded Miss Lodge as Principal

A MODERN MASTERPIECE: The reinforcement to the buttressing of the new Richmond Bridge presents to the seeing eye a striking artistic composition

THE MID-SURREY DRAG HUNT AND HOUND TRIALS were held a day or so ago at Highfield Farm, Epsom. Lady Northey, who presented the prizes, is seen above chatting to Mr. A. Nightingall, who has ridden three National winners—Ilex (1890), Why Not (1894), and Drudon (1901) and, in addition, has been placed five times in the Aintree classic

PRINCELY and PRESIDENTIAL

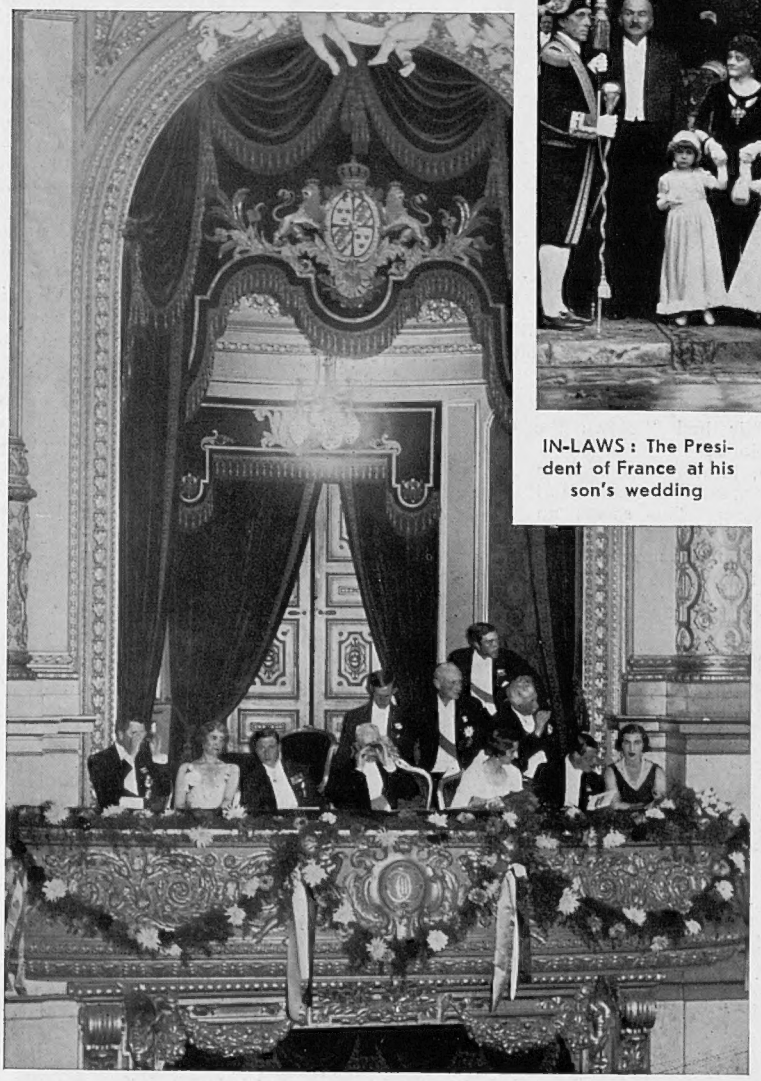
News of the Week



ROYALTY AT UPSALA: The Prince of Wales *(right)*, Prince George, and Princess Ingrid on their visit to the famous old University city of Sweden

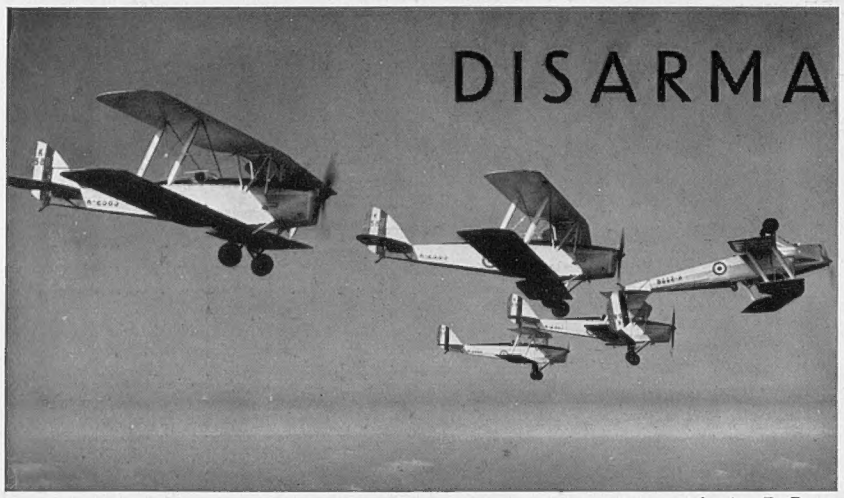
PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN, one of the most attractive of Royal personalities, engaged in one of her favourite pastimes—delicate embroidery work on a frame

IN-LAWS: The President of France at his son's wedding



AT THE OPERA: The Crown Prince, Princess Ingeborg, the Prince of Wales, King Gustav, the Crown Princess, Prince George, and Princess Ingrid. *Standing*—Prince Gustav Adolf, Prince Wilhelm, and Prince Karl are to be seen

OF THE PRESIDENTIAL HOUSE: M. Jean Lebrun, the son of the President of France, with his bride, Mlle Françoise Marin. They were married at Rambouillet by the Bishop of Versailles. The inset picture shows the bridal attendants



Charles E. Brown

THE STRONG ARM IN THE ORIENT: The most valuable instrument of correction the Empire possesses for punitive work is to be found in the R.A.F., although it cannot replace the administrative functions of the ground forces. *Above* a flight of Tiger Moths is seen in manœuvres, the machine of the commander flying upside down

DISARMAMENT?

An Unusual Angle of Discussion on the R.A.F. It can Hit, but can it Hold? and Other Matters of Pertinent Interest

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

In the defence scheme of the eastern section of the British Empire nothing so clearly demarcates the post-War era from the pre-War era as the increased responsibility which has been allotted, during the past ten years, to the Royal Air Force. It was not, indeed, the Armistice that brought the R.A.F. into its own. For it will be remembered that in the Egyptian revolt of 1919, in the Afghan War of the same year, and in the Arab rebellion in Iraq in 1920, the troops which gained the day for the British cause were ground forces.

Mr. Winston Churchill's Cairo Conference of 1921 really denotes the parting of the ways. From that day onwards the responsibilities and powers of the R.A.F., whether in Egypt and the Sudan, Palestine, Trans-Jordan or Iraq, Aden or the Persian Gulf, and on the North-West Frontier of India have been vitally increased.

Now is the R.A.F. in its duties of policeman of our Eastern Empire to be allowed to continue to bomb and machine-gun those who are alleged to be threatening Imperial peace.

The question is an urgent one, for during the disarmament discussions at Geneva an attempt has been made—and it has apparently been blessed by certain British statesmen—to abolish aeroplane bombing from the face of the earth. Sir John Simon, for example, has spoken strongly on this subject, and he has been generally understood to discountenance bombing. It is being argued that if bombing (with its inevitable wounding of non-combatants) in civilized countries, possessed of medical resources, is wrong, would it not be far more barbarous to permit it to continue in primitive places, say, among negroid or Arab tribes, which lack all kind of medical alleviation?

There is here not merely a question of humanitarianism, still less is it merely a question of pacifism. No one but a sentimental ignoramus could think that force in such remote places as the Aden Protectorate, Trans-Jordan, or the North-West Frontier is unnecessary. For the raid in such regions as these is often nothing less than the national pastime.

The real problem is: which produces the better results, the old method of punitive column and subsequent administration, or the new method of instantly making normal life impossible by means of slaughtering cattle and destroying villages, and thus obtaining the submission or banishment of the "rebels"?

Now for the case of the R.A.F. It is claimed that its method is more effective, quicker, cheaper, and finally, more humane, in that it results in a smaller loss of life, *on both sides*, than the older form of warfare. The distinguished airman who conducted what is known as "Brock's War" on the North-West Frontier in 1930 has said:

"Air action is far less costly in money and lives, both tribal and our own. The material damage can be considerable, but there is no wholesale destruction as in punitive expeditions in the past. We act merely as a nuisance—that is, the interruption of life and in the labour necessary to repair the damage. It is, therefore, probably the most humane form of warfare that the world has ever seen."

That does not, of course, exhaust the R.A.F. case, which includes a just claim to have revolutionized reconnaissance and to have accomplished what Wellington described as the soldier's most difficult task—the finding out of what was "the other side of the hill" and an immense improvement in the getting quickly to the seat of trouble and in facilitating the movements of political officers. Not the least of the R.A.F. non-military achievements was the removal of nearly 600 Europeans or British subjects from Kabul at the time of the rising against ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan in 1929. The force has, indeed, done magnificent work in the East and none but a fanatic would deny it.

Now look at the other side of the medal.

There are two main considerations. In the first place no air force can prevent a rebellion, as ground troops can. It can, of course, disperse a hostile gathering in open country, but against an urban conspiracy its resources are limited. In other words, the aeroplane can crush a revolt but it cannot forestall one. The Palestine riots of 1929 which broke out partly as a consequence of the late Lord Plumer's having removed all the ground-troops from the Holy Land, demonstrated this fact conclusively and I even heard Generals at that time declare with some theoretical glee that the affair had "blown the gaff" on the R.A.F.'s pretensions!

(There are now, of course, infantrymen back in Palestine, but they are, I believe, under the command of the Air Officer Commanding. This seems an anomaly.)

And secondly, the air arm cannot be used administratively. The fringes of the British Empire in the East (whence most of our serious trouble is wont to derive) have been established and secured by the personal contact of officers with tribesmen. Such contact is of course impossible for the airman, whose base may be a hundred miles away, and who necessarily, when bombing, has to punish both friend and foe.

It seems obvious, therefore, that while all credit should be given to the R.A.F. for its marvellous feats in the East since the War, he who imagines that the new weapon has made all the older methods obsolete is in error.

But to return to the original thesis of whether the use of air-bombs and machine-guns on primitive communities is justifiable.

Here there must be one golden rule by which to judge the issue, and British statesmen who know their Eastern Empire as well as they know their Geneva are not likely to make a wrong decision. *If essential Imperial interests are threatened by barbarians using barbarous methods, they must be defended with force, and the more quickly and effectively that force be employed, the better.*

If, for example, there were a raid by *Ikhwan* of Nejd on the peaceful shepherd tribes of Southern Iraq — and no one who has seen the horrors of such raiding is likely to belittle them—the use of the R.A.F. is justified. If, again, hostile tribesmen on the North-West Frontier attempt to invade India, the use of the R.A.F. is justified.

A matter that has recently been troubling Englishmen concerns, however, not so much the methods of the R.A.F. in primitive places as the employment of the R.A.F., indulging in unrestricted warfare, to solve problems which have their origin in "rebels'" dislike of a policy over which Great Britain has no control.

Iraq has provided the corner-stone of this controversy. As everyone knows, direct British responsibility for Iraq is now at an end. For the last two years, indeed, British advice to the Iraqis has been at a minimum. Yet during these last two years the R.A.F. has been constantly engaged in operations against the Kurds in the northern mountains.

Now the Kurds are notoriously a difficult people; they are, in fact, more a series of tribes than a people. As members of a unitary State they are indeed *enfants terribles*.

This is not the place, however, to argue whether the Government of Iraq has accorded to the Kurds a sufficient degree of autonomy or not. The point is, is the R.A.F. to be used to uphold the policy of the Iraq Government towards the Kurds?

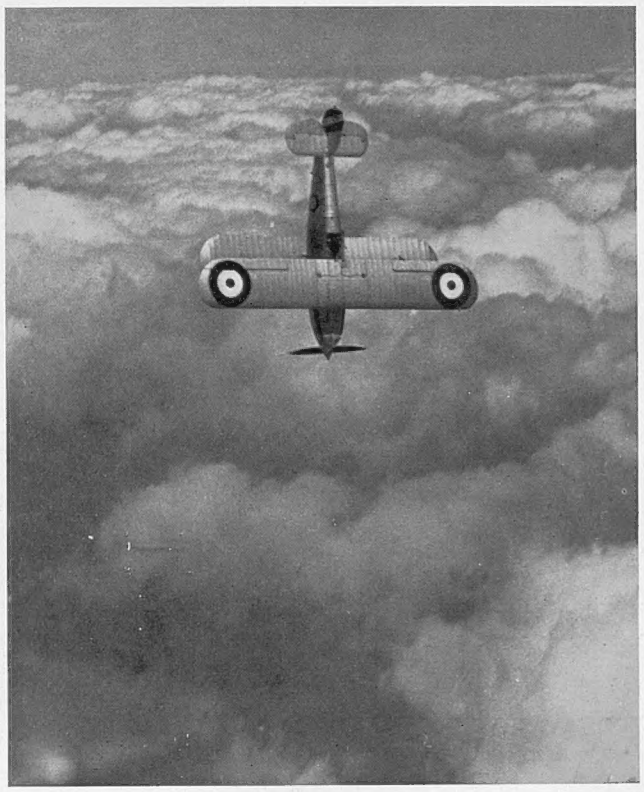
Remember this: that in 1930–31–32 the R.A.F. was called in to deal with Sheikh Mahmud of Sulaimani and Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan only after it was obvious that the forces of the Iraq Government were inadequate to the task. This fact has naturally led certain critics to assert that the R.A.F. has been used to do the "dirty work" of someone else.

The R.A.F. has another explanation. But it is to avoid the possibility of such a suspicion arising again that Sir Henry Dobbs, who was High Commissioner for Iraq from 1923 to 1928, has recently made the suggestion that—

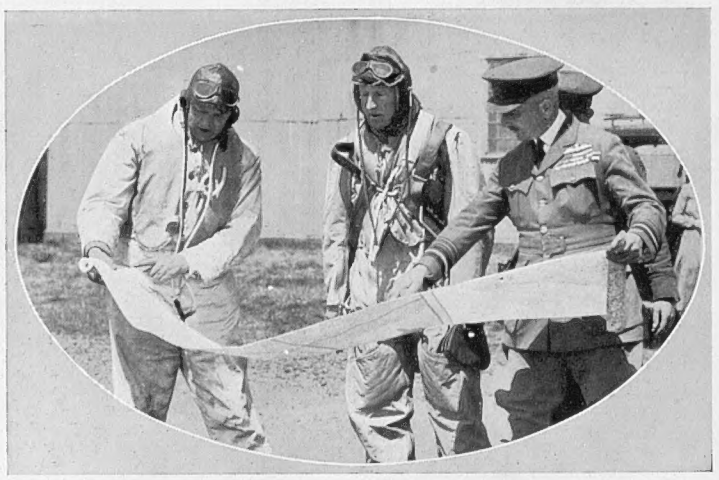
> ". . . it should be clearly laid down that, except to provide for the safety of British communications, the R.A.F. should abstain from demonstrations as from actual operations in aid of the Iraq Government in internal affairs."

That is admirable advice, which I think is most likely to be followed, if indeed it has not already been laid down for the R.A.F. in Iraq after that country is an independent State.

One's conclusion of the matter is, then, that though from the administrator's point of view the value of the air arm can be, and has been, exaggerated, if the Empire were to adopt the advice of certain observers in Geneva and wholly abolish aerial warfare, it would lose a weapon of incomparable advantage whose superiority over the older ways of waging war is in some respects immense.



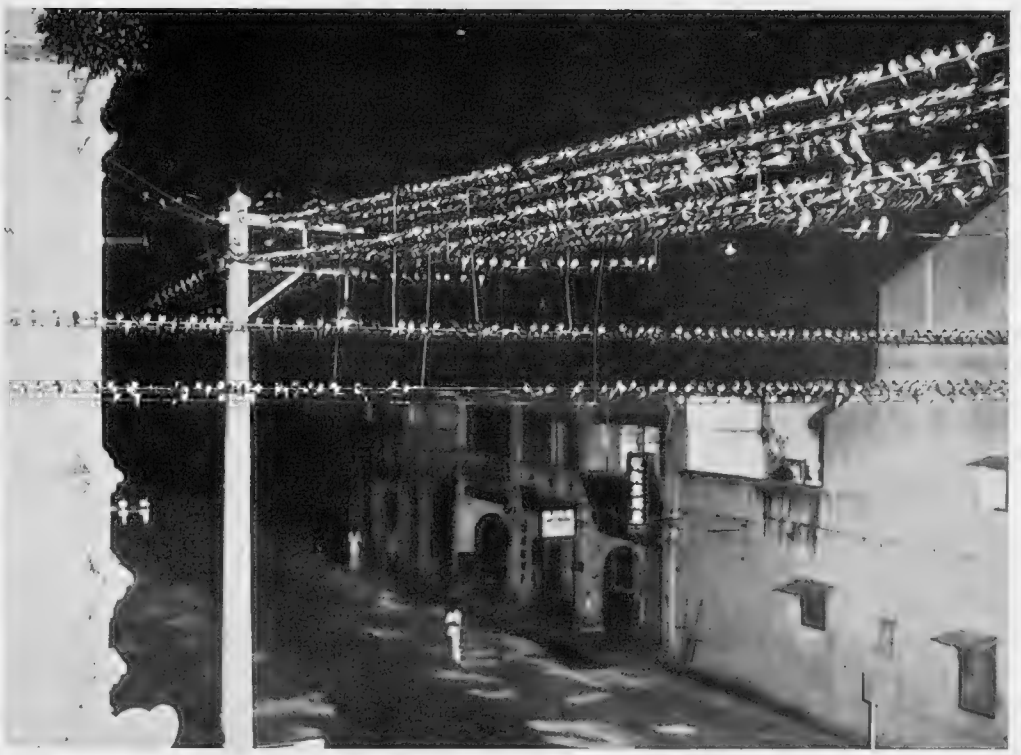
PLUNGING HEADLONG TO THE WORK OF DESTRUCTION: A terminal velocity dive through the clouds in a Hawker Nimrod with Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines



THE MAP OF THE ROUTE pored over by Squadron-Leader Whitford and the Secretary for Air, Lord Londonderry, before the latter flew to Geneva, a place to which more and more politicians are going by air and at which more and more are decrying the aerial arm

FROM ABROAD

VENICE OF THE EAST: The China and Manchuria floods are far more serious than the majority in Britain realize, as this picture of the Hotel Modern, Harbin—the H.Q. of the Lytton Commission—proves



ITYLUS ABROAD: A few of the swallows that have left Britain in search of warmer climes are seen above on their "roost" in the Straits Settlements. Weighing only 2 oz. each, they were so numerous as to impose a burden of several hundredweight on the wires. The picture was taken by flashlight

MANCHURIA INUNDATED: The flooding of the River Sungari. Tokio has taken immediate measures for the alleviation of the havoc wrought by the torrential rains

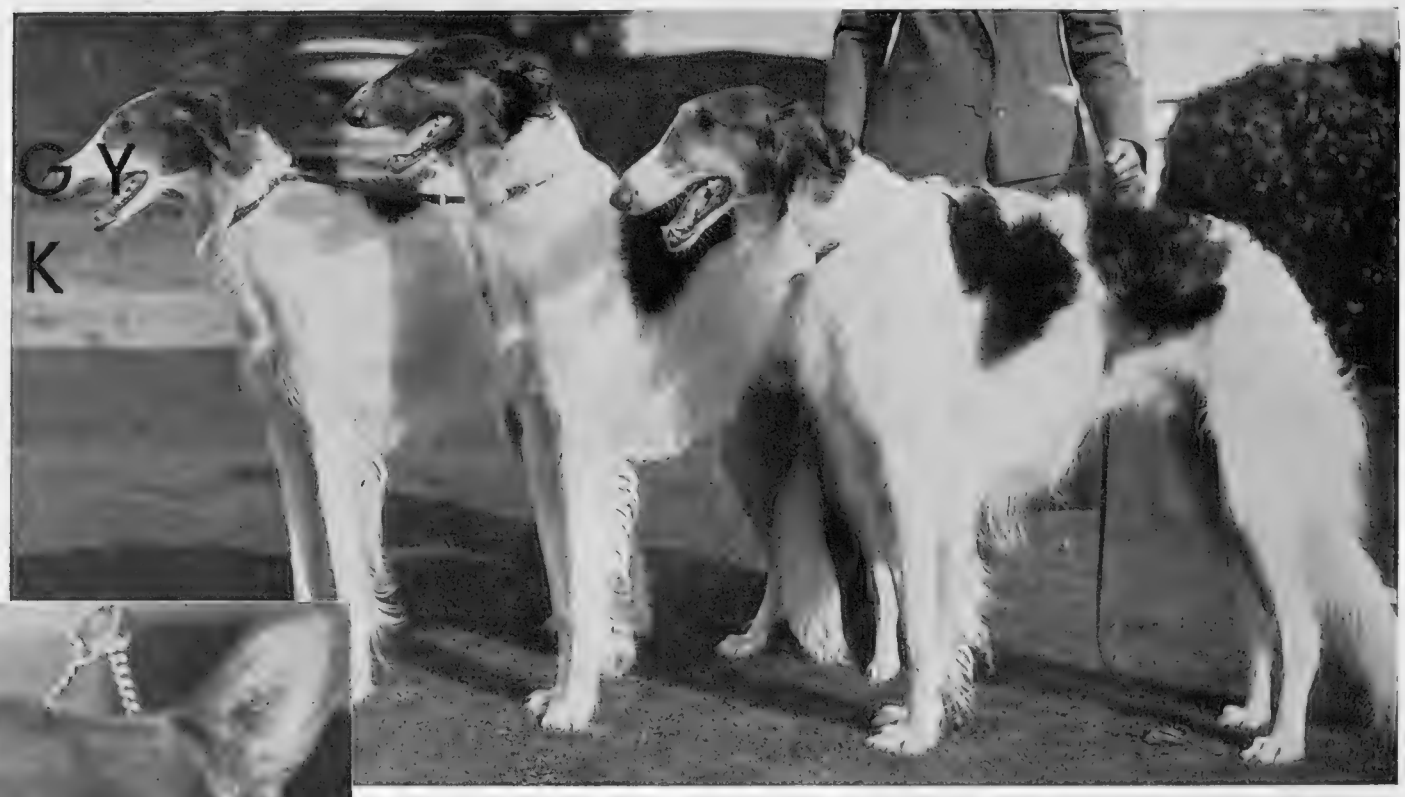
ANCIENT ROME IN MODERN GERMANY: An ancient *Quadriga* with the four famous white horses, Amok, Amateur, Alex, and Amos, one of the features of the traditional stallion parade at Celle. The 10,000 onlookers seemed to be living in the days of Caligula when this impressive turn-out whirled past the various other entrants in the show

F. V. Hodgkinson

THE GOVERNOR'S TOUR: Sir Charles Innes, Governor of Burma, is retiring at the end of the year, and before going into residence at Maymyo for the hot season, toured the country and received the local chiefs

AFRICA—AMERICA: Prince Kojo Touvalon, heir-apparent to the vacant throne of Dahomey, and his bride, Mrs. Dodd-Crawford, a singer of Chicago, with M. Cathala, a former Minister, after their Paris wedding

A DOGGY WEEK



A TRIO FROM RUSSIA: Three superb Borzois—Mythe Malodka, Mythe Mazeppa, and Ch. Mythe Ivanoff—belonging to Mrs. E. M. Robinson. They were exhibited at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. *Inset on left* is Miss E. Evans' champion Welsh Corgi, *Crymmych President*, shown at the same function

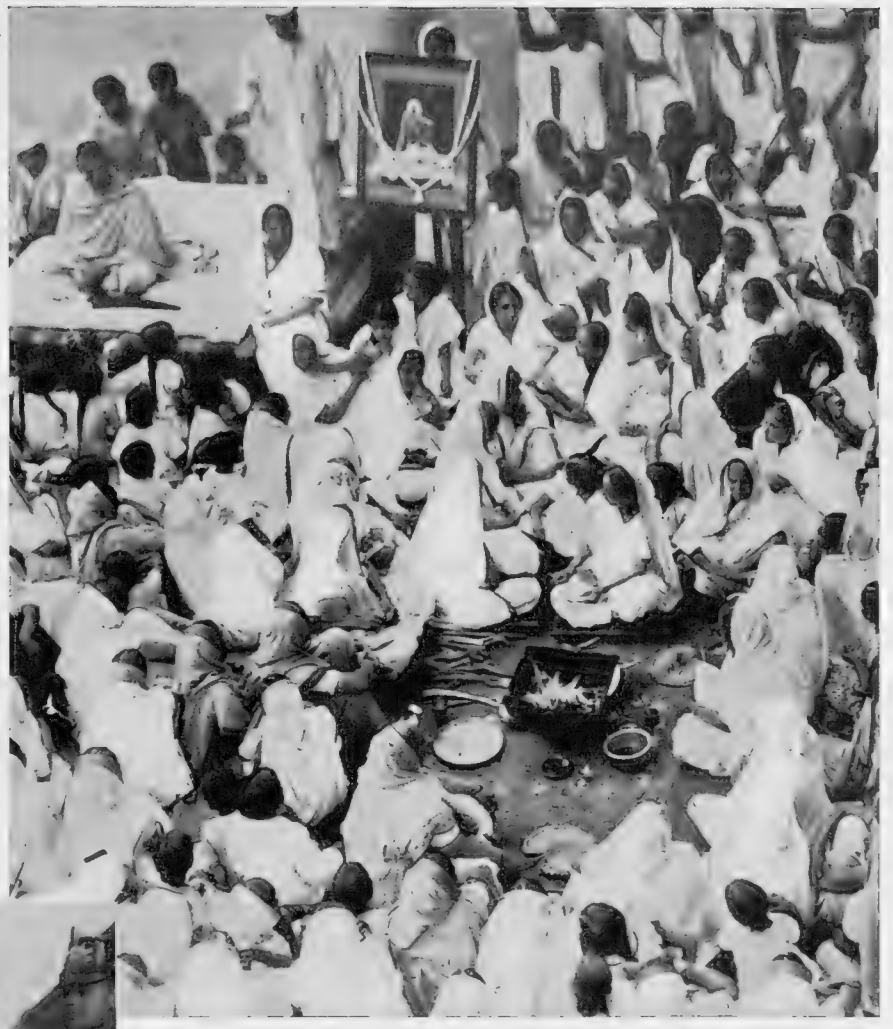
AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW: Miss A. Doxford's *Nikh of Ruritania*, a champion Saluki, is seen on left, while on right is Mrs. E. M. Lester's Ch. *Lenarth Bracken*, the best wire-haired fox terrier in the Show

ROYALTY: Miss Oriel Ross, who plays Catherine the Great in *Casanova*, with her six Borzois which also appear on the stage, is here seen at Great Fosters, Egham, the one-time home of Queen Elizabeth, the spacious grounds of which make a perfect setting for this charming picture

A CHAMPION OF THE ORIENT: Mrs. M. Wood's Ch. *Badshah of Ainsdart*, the Champion Afghan Hound at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. First regarded as something of a freak, this breed has rapidly achieved great popularity in this country

A WORLD SURVEY

CAPTAIN WOLFGANG VON GRONAU, a famous wartime ace, who is flying a Dornier flying-boat round the world. He supports the "Great Circle" routes wherever possible at the Kasumigaura Naval Air Station



PRAYING FOR GANDHI: The depressed classes prayed and performed a Yagna while Gandhi was fasting in a last effort to achieve for the Untouchables what he demanded on their behalf

THE HINDENBURG CAKE: A giant bretzel cake was presented to President von Hindenburg in Berlin on his eighty-fifth birthday

AMERICA IN PARIS: The building of the new U.S. Embassy in Paris. Set in the Place de la Concorde, it is rapidly nearing completion, and will be ready for occupation within a few months' time. On the right of this picture a portion of the Hôtel Crillon is visible

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH SENATE: M. Jeanneney, who has been elected in succession to M. Lebrun, now President through M. Doumer's murder

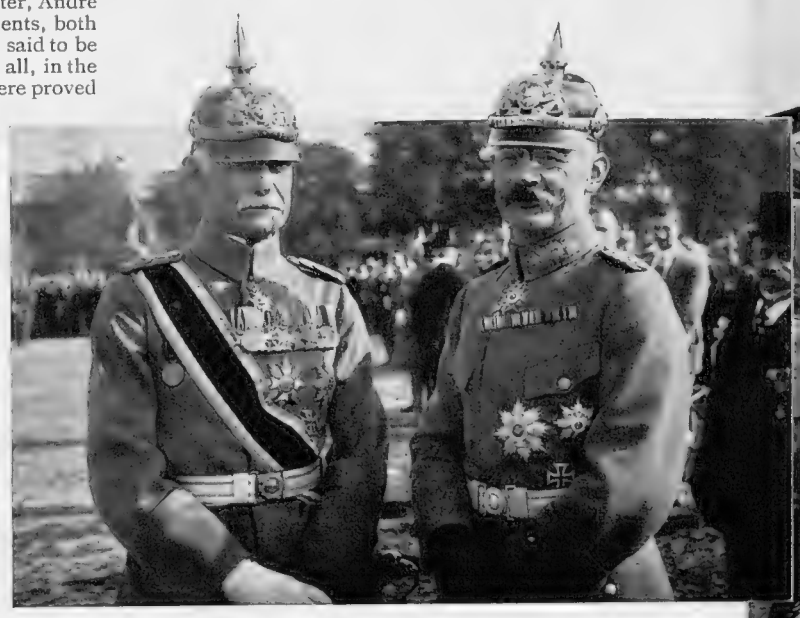
ART AND INDIA: H.H. the Aga Khan and Mr. Knoedler of the famous art firm, chat at Aix-les-Bains

"ANGELS OF MERCY" was the description given by the victims of the Greek earthquake to the naval ratings and marines, a group of whom are seen above

IS GERMANY DIS

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The precise position of German armaments is a matter of which from now on through the winter we are likely to hear more and more. The French are understood to possess a marvellous dossier on the subject, built up chiefly by the late War Minister, André Maginot. The effect of this work by trained agents, both on the spot in Germany and round Europe, is said to be to point out that the Reich is not disarmed at all, in the true meaning of the term. Obviously if this were proved so, a sensible modification would come over the present situation as created by the German Government's intimation that, unless others scale down to her state of limitation, Germany reserves the right of building up her armaments to the scale of others. In the ordinary course of events we may any time now witness Berlin taking initial steps in the way of this arming up, the position following the German request or warning being one of complete deadlock. But supposing the new factor, of how far Germany may be already armed, enters really on the scene? What then?



THE HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH: Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and his brother, Prince Franz. The *Pickelhaube* still stabs the air in Disarmed Germany

EVEN THE CIVIC DIGNITARIES WEAR THE IRON CROSS: Herr von Papen with Colonel Dusterberg at a Stahlhelm gathering

The story takes one into several countries: Russia, Sweden, Holland, and Germany itself. It may take one even farther afield if one considers the possibility of the Reich getting shipped back to it, at speed, stocks of arms and munitions, or their component parts, which it has, since the Armistice, supplied to other lands, notably China and Mexico.

For the first almost incredible fact of this inquiry is that Germany, while she destroyed or surrendered to the Allies 38,500 guns, nearly 12,000 mine-throwers, 5,000 aeroplanes, and heaven knows how many machine-guns, rifles, and so on, was not prohibited by the Versailles Treaty from retaining arms, factories, or their equivalents. The Germans actually went on manufacturing armaments until well into 1920, and in the interval of grace prior to then the French claim that no fewer than 25,000 guns of all calibres may have been constructed and never handed over or destroyed; never traced. How this could have occurred with 500 officers of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control functioning it is difficult to understand. On the other hand, it is the fact that for several years now a limited number of German arms factories have been permitted to carry on. These factories are currently thirty-three in number, and their joint activity has been responsible for Germany being able to export 16 per cent. of the armaments sent out of Europe as against 35 per cent. shipped by the United Kingdom, which is at present a long way ahead of all other countries in the business of arms.

Nor does this particular aspect end here. The official League figures of the import and export of arms leave an unfortunate gap of nearly 100 per cent. between what is known to have been exported and what has been effectively checked as imported. Nearly 100 per cent. of the production of Europe and America's arms factories is officially "missing"; Geneva does not know what has become of this immense stock and marks it down as "in transit." Between whom it is not possible to say. At once, therefore, this further German aspect devolves: if it is possible to "lose" immense stocks of arms and munitions in this fashion, how much may not the German factories have turned out surreptitiously all these years, for concealment over other frontiers? It is known that a great deal of the abounding material in hand during the first chaos was manœuvred over into Holland, where special firms took charge of it. For subsequent exporting—but whither?

Furthermore, what if, since Allied Control ceased six years ago, Germany's factories (on paper apparently only permitted to turn out sporting guns and industrial powder, but this has long been winked upon by the responsible agency, the League of Nations Council)—what if these factories have been conveniently placing over adjacent frontiers all manner of tubes and machine tools and other component parts of armaments? In one year alone, 1925, the Reich exported 77,000 tons of tool-making machinery, 37,000 tons of agricultural ditto, and 210,000 tons of other machinery; and all this is now fully recognized to be the stuff from which armaments and munitions can one day spring.

THE MASTER OF CONVERTIBLE ARMAMENT: General von Seeckt, who hopes to standardize all factories for peace or war

A case in point concerns the Dutch, who will argue their heads off concerning what is or is not "achieved" armament. The Dutch Government is supposed to check all arms export by licence, but it is now accepted that any control of so-called mixed products, i.e. peaceful-looking material which could, however, at once be converted to war use, is out of the question. In Austria, Switzerland, and Belgium these mixed products are likewise manufactured far in excess of apparent local needs. And also, though in lesser degree, in Denmark and Sweden.

At this stage, therefore, one is obliged to envisage the possibility of the Reich having (a) transported, for concealment, completed armament over other frontiers, (b) concealed either in Germany or Holland war material upon which the Allies were not able to place their hands in 1919–20 (though the bulk of this stock probably long since found its way to Russia or China), (c) sent across adjacent frontiers masses of tools and component parts of armaments, unfinished products, and well camouflaged, (d) received the same from neighbouring countries.

Why send (c) and receive (d)? The wheels within wheels of arming would fill a book.

The next point has to do with the open connection of the Reich's heavy industry with foreign armament firms. In this respect it is in the first case necessary to cease thinking in terms of "Krupps—Essen." We blew up large bits of that famous plant, or otherwise put it out of action, and the rest to-day bears the imprint of peace complete—as I saw a year ago. Nor do the Germans ever tire of pointing out that Krupps have reverted to what they started making in 1826—ploughshares.

The whole neighbourhood is admirably run by the strong Mayor Bracht (who is in the Government), while the Tsar of heavy industry is none other than our old friend Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, husband of the lady who gave her name to "Bertha." Hugenberg, who used to be head of Essen, now runs a Press Trust—factories making printing presses, by the way, are first-rate also for turning out hand-grenades. That Mayor Brach—Bohlen—Hugenberg had been behind the necessary Nazi effervescence which has now fulfilled its rôle, having put war-thinking Junkers once more in the saddle, is well known.

War-making is such a paying business beside slump

TOY TANKS gave Germany practice during [illegible] were watched by various attachés. Above [illegible] officers. The Treaty of Versail[illegible]

CIVIL AIRCRAFT are permitted, although military machines are forbidden to Germany by the Versailles Treaty. Over 100 'planes flew over Berlin a few days ago and executed manœuvres representing an air raid on the capital—proof of the trend of the times

ARMED?

A Survey of the Present Situation Tends to Show that the Teuton Republic is not Unarmed

MARTIAL EMBLEMS OF THE PRESIDENT: The regimental flags of Von Hindenburg were placed in his study on his birthday

STAFF OFFICERS in their buttoned forage caps are still to be seen in "Disarmed" Germany. This picture was taken during a Stahlhelm demonstration—of quasi-military character

autumn manœuvres this year—manœuvres which the Swedish, Turkish, Russian, and Lithuanian forbids Germany to own proper machinery!

times: one kill in 1914–18 worked out at about £6,000, of which the armament firms are said to have drawn half. Accordingly, while confined to agricultural implements at Essen, Krupps have been steadily gaining a footing in arms firms in Sweden, Holland, and Russia. Krupps have an important share in the Swedish Bofors Company which operates the Krupp patents. In Holland no fewer than four firms, concerned with guns and war machinery, shell and metal works, and torpedoes, are suspect if not known to be collaborating with the former cannon-kings of the Ruhr.

But it is with the Soviet that Krupps have really got off the mark again. They have the main running, say, in war factories in Leningrad, Perm, Samara, and Ekaterinburg, and have a big concession in the Don Basin, where the firm carries on under the style of "Manych." This is the far-away area specially chosen by Stalin for five and ten-year factories, alike fit for war and peace, and beyond the range of the biggest bombers from the West.

The game that Germany is yet playing with Russia is a unique gamble. It hopes to have the Soviet as its main arsenal, possibly even as an ally against Poland, while the Soviet hopes that by enabling Germany to replunge Europe into war the world revolution will be beckoned. The Red Army and the Reichswehr meet on manœuvres; German aviation has taught and supplied Russia; at this moment upwards of a thousand "retired" German officers are reported as training and instructing and expertizing within Soviet territory. The word that governs it all is "Abmachungen" or collaboration.

The Reichswehr already imports copiously from the Germano-Soviet factories, a deal by ship to Stettin—and nobody the wiser. One shipload of 400,000 gas shells came to light through an accident and through the unloaders talking. The Reichswehr pays in part for this extra armament by showing ridiculously high budgetary figures for the material it *is* allowed to have. Thus, over £1,000 is charged annually for the upkeep of each small gun, and £250 for the maintenance of each authorized machine-gun.

The Reichswehr must one day become the best thrusting force in existence, if it can come by sufficient high-speed tanks, transport, and aeroplanes. You may apply the pocket battleship moral to this force. You cannot disarm three things: science, industry, and human purpose. Forbid people like the Germans the right to do certain things and they invent better. Here are some Reichswehr improvements:

Mauser Einheitsgewehr for all arms, artillery, cavalry, infantry, to be turned out at great speed at countless "peace" factories. Standardized article, standardization being von Seeckt's guiding notion, and he is the brain of slyly arming Germany.

77 mm. field gun fires 13,000 metres. Minenwerfer extended from 800 to 3,000 metres. New heavy "minnies" on chassis. 77 mm. silent field gun (in process of evolution).

105 mm. howitzer, range 14,000 metres, very fast, great precision. Machinenpistole firing 500 rounds a minute and considerably replacing machine-gun.

Anti-tank guns, also anti-air. Attrappen or tanks. With two up, 40 m.p.h. on road, 32 m.p.h. over rough ground. Big Attrappen, 25 m.p.h. over road, 15 m.p.h. over rough ground.

Units to carry their own camouflage, including cloud-making and "combat nets." Motorization from coal by-product; transport to repose partially on splendid new postal cars to be seen all over Germany.

Naturally others have the above, and better, but it would be foolish to be certain that the Reichswehr may not have something up its sleeve, particularly in the way of chemical surprise derived from the incomparable German dye industry. There is no desire to make the flesh creep. All the above is much more fully known to our Intelligence; the trouble is that soldiers perforce sit on things.

The Germans make gas in Russia under the style of the "Wiko" Company. On all sides the cunning arming is either gently under way or being prepared in innocent peace factories, and this brings one back inside the Reich itself—

The man to follow in this matter is von Seeckt, who fought the finest eastern battles as Mackensen's chief of staff. One day in 1928 he talked too much, giving us the vital cue of to-day. He said: "Adequate national subsidies in peace-time, which will enable the factories to be converted from peace to wartime frames, and also cover the cost of setting aside material for this end, are essential. If methods of strict scruple are allowed to give way to the most direct methods, the time interval between orders given for war material and their delivery will be rapid."

Read: "The Government must take over the factories at once on the declaration of war (or before this) and set about converting them at top speed, the while the small but admirable fighting army Germany possesses contains the enemy." This is the Seeckt idea: the lightning application of peace-time plant, and it is the distressing fact that not a solitary peace-time factory would to-day be without its direct use in war.

It is impossible to disarm an industrial nation unless you wreck all its plant and keep on wrecking this intermittently. There is a list in existence of close on 4,000 products of factories—peace-time products—which, with varying adjustments to plant, can be immediately transformed into war-making devices. The list covers nearly the whole of industry, from babies' comforters, which can transform into gasmasks, and perambulators which can become "blimp" frames, to rayon which would transform into dynamite and sugar into gas.

"Relation with industry should be so close and sensitive," writes von Seeckt again, "that the kind of firearms could be turned out in the quantities needed. We must standardize everything." And this, on the magnificent machinery, the best in Europe, with which the Reich donated itself on the strength of criminally shortsighted British and American loans running into hundreds of millions of pounds. The Big Four of war, Germany has them all: metallurgical, electrical, and chemical industries, and oil refineries. The first two can turn out production alike for Harrods or for Woolwich Arsenal, can contribute the plant to make a typewriter one day, a machine-gun the next; and so on right down through the whole gamut of contemporary peace-cum-war industry. Moreover, there is no possible checking of arms firms, for the reason that you don't know half the time

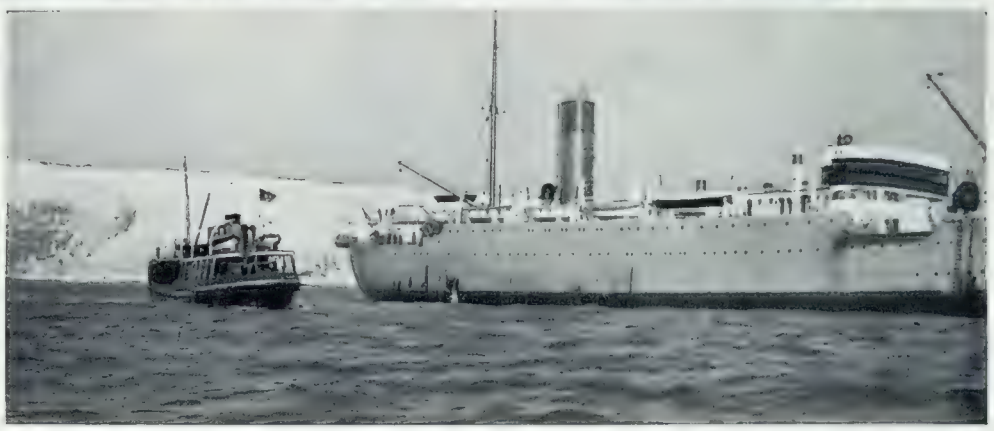
(*Cont. on p. 122*)

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT: Fritz watches the army manœuvres with a critical and expert eye and a vision in his soul

DISARMED GERMANY! The Berlin Nazi troops marshalled in Grünewald Stadium. The "Brown Army" is, largely, the creation of the great armament firms of Germany, who deplore the piping times of peace—the munitioneers are hoping for the best

BY THE OCTOBER SEA

IN THE ROUGH: The Seahouses lifeboat on which the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland made a special trip a few days ago



SIXTY-FIVE MILES, 2,600 TONS OF CABLE: The cable ship *Faraday* with her attendant lighter at work in St. Margaret's Bay, Kent, whence a cable is being laid to La Panne, Belgium, across the English Channel. Thirty additional telephone circuits will be provided by the enterprise

PRESENTATION: In view of the interest created in the book *Grace Darling and Her Times*, by Constance Smedley, published recently, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland made a special trip in rough weather in the lifeboat from Seahouses. Her Grace is seen above presenting an advance copy of the book to the coxswain

PREPARING FOR THE HERRING HARVEST: Fishermen at Great Yarmouth painting the "buffs"—net floats—in preparation for the great rush that is forthcoming. Nets are now being overhauled and trawlers prepared for the great event in British fishing

GRACE IN ACTION

Martin Munkacsy
DELICATE GRACE shown by Fraulein Rosi Barsoni, a young Berlin dancer of distinction

THE PERFECTION OF BALANCE: Professional athletes at an early morning practice before their tent on a German fair ground

Martin Munkacsy
"UN PETIT AIR FRIPON": Fräulein Rosi Barsoni in one of her coquettish poses

TABLEAU VIVANT: A German chorus in an unusual pose during a recent production

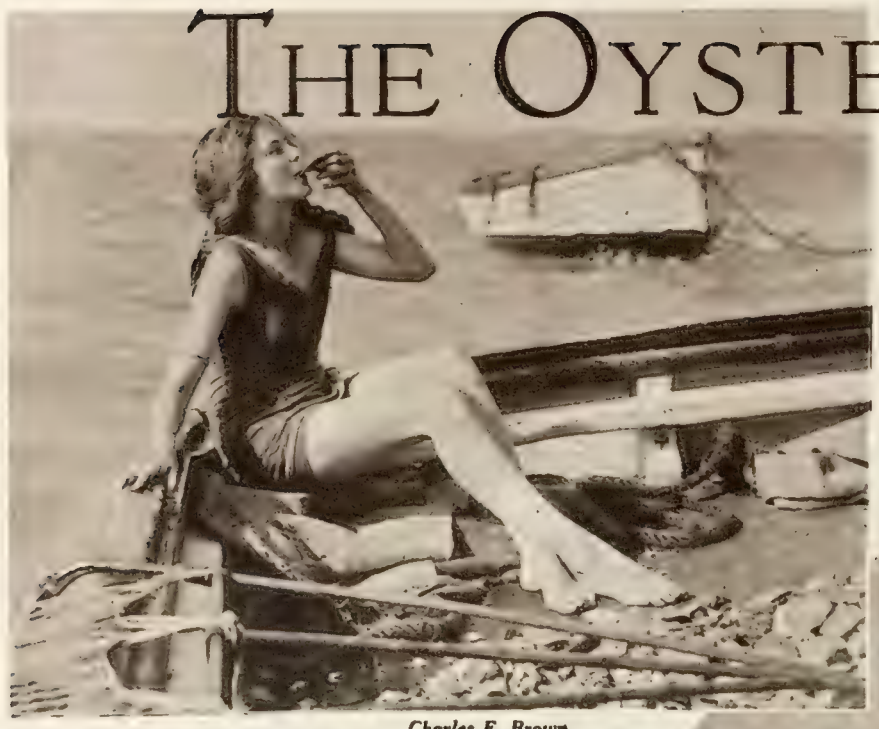
MISS DORA DUBY, the celebrated U.S. dancer, who has deserted revue for the modern school, here shows the wild abandon of the new German technique that has captivated even Paris

PARIS AT HER FEET: Miss Dora Duby, the American, German-trained dancer, in strikingly graceful pose

THE OYSTER'S WORLD

"The World's Mine Oyster," said
missioner of "The Sphere" here
World of the Oyster with its Police
and Other Strange

By CHARLES



Charles E. Brown

THE OYSTER AND THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE: A fair taster on the fishing grounds at Whitstable

PACKING: When the oysters have been drudged from their beds, they must be beautified and then packed for despatch to the great cities

Never did I expect to find myself two miles out to sea in October fingering the star-fish in a 15-ton yawl with orange-coloured sails. But never until this week had my curiosity as to the origin and price of oysters been so acute as to cause me to dredge the matter literally. Anyway, there I was this week with Jesse Rowden, Fred and George Waters, Joe Cambourn, and Ernest Dommy—I, in my London clothes and they in rubber thigh-boots, blue jerseys, blue jackets, and caps. The water was brown and choppy. We drove slowly forward with three of them slowly hauling in their drudges, as they call them, at Whitstable. Under my nose they brought them up out of the water—six fathoms of it—and deposited their catch on the deck. Crabs and burrs (as they call sea-urchins), and five-fingers (as they call star-fish), and small soles, as well as various kinds of oysters, lay before me.

I had no idea that at Whitstable alone there are six varieties of oysters. Not only are there the Royal Whitstable Natives and the Native Roughs; there are also Portuguese, Americans, Frenchmen, and Dutch. But I am getting ahead of my story.

We are still two miles out from Whitstable, dredging for oysters, inside the square mile of oyster beds belonging to the Tabor Company, in whose oyster smack I am sitting. All round us are buoys and watch-boats. Three companies own the fishing rights of the six square miles where oysters are plentiful. Each of them has its watch-boat to see that free lances (or burglars, as Jesse calls them) do not come out and steal their oysters. It must be a dreary life in a watch-boat. There you stay in four-hour shifts all by yourself, knowing that your very presence will prevent your having any work to do. Yet, as you sit there tossing at anchor, your eyes must be skinned for marauders from Essex or locals from Whitstable.

But, practically speaking, nobody ever does. Only once in nineteen years has a strange drudge been found in the "creeps" of the Tabor Company. "Creeps" must be explained. They are three-pronged hooks let down into the water as an additional safeguard against "burglars." Carefully placed, like mines, all over each oyster bed, only the fishermen employed by the company know where they are placed, and woe betide any drudge which comes into contact with them. It hooks it fast, and there is no escape. "Drudges" also must be explained. They are a steel-meshed combination, 3 ft. wide, of net and scraper, and, when full, will hold 300 oysters. Three converging iron bars form the handle, to which is attached a rope. They are thrown overboard and then trawled for a distance of about 40 yds., by which time they should be full, and hauled aboard.

Every morning, whatever the weather, the men go out at dawn to fulfil the orders for the day telephoned from London. When I was there the order was for 9,000 oysters, and they were caught in about four hours. The actual order was for 4,000 Natives, 2,000 Britannies, 2,000 Bluepoints, and 1,000 Portuguese. These foreigners are laid at the rate of half a million or a million each year to fatten down below. This was made necessary by the terrible mortality of Native oysters following the dumping of T.N.T. and other poisonous chemicals at various points along the coast in 1919. It was estimated that 95,000,000 oysters were killed in this way, and the Government was asked for £500,000 worth of damages. After three years' dickering and manœuvring, nothing was paid, and the only thing that the leaders of the rapidly dying industry could do was to import these foreigners to take their place.

Anybody who has been to Margate or Southend knows what a Portuguese oyster looks like. It has an oblong shell and greenish flesh inside. The Dutchmen have a dirty brown shell. The Americans are cone-shaped, with a brown face and a light back. The Roughs have what is known locally as German writing on their backs. The Frenchmen from Brittany are yellowish on the top side of their shell and greenish underneath. The flesh looks very much the same as the Native oyster and so, if you are wise, you should always see that your oysters are opened in front of you—unless you are perfectly certain that the restaurant you patronize is above trickery.

Indeed, it is just as important as seeing your bottle of Evian or wine opened in front of you, for it is not unknown for unscrupulous people to put a Dutchman on a Royal Native's shell. After all, nine-tenths of the public cannot be expected to distinguish even a Pyefleet No. 1 from a foreigner. How should they, unless they went down to the oyster fisheries and saw for themselves?

But we are still two miles out at sea and it is time we came ashore in the dinghy to see the catch "culled" again by the manager. Unless you have ever seen an oyster as it comes straight out of the sea you would never realize how it has to be beautified for the market. Maybe limpets will have to be scraped off or "squats," as Whitstable men call the tiny red squids which the Essex men call "pocks," or barnacles which the Whitstable men call "chitters" and the Essex men call "nuns." All this must be done with the ancient oyster knife, which is called indiscriminately a "cultic" or a "cultack."

As you see, there are two languages for the oyster industry, although Kent and Essex are only a few miles apart. Strangely enough, though, there is no slang word for the oyster itself. True, it is called "ware" in the trade. But that is a technical word for a full-grown oyster. No, the oyster has kept its name ever since the Romans first found them in the river Colne 2,000 years ago, and Sallust praised them and they were sent to Italy for sale just as they go to Billingsgate or Pudding Lane to-day. In Rome they were the supreme delicacy. Heliogabalus is said to have eaten 100 dozen at a sitting (the modern record is held, I believe, by Mr. Percy Chapman, the cricketer, who once ate seven dozen!).

When the legionaries returned to Rome, they left the taste for the oyster behind them, and all through the troubled history of the Saxon, Danish, and Norman invasions the oyster was drudged at Whitstable and dredged at Colchester. King's favourites received their barrels from wise councillors anxious to secure the King's ear. Queen Elizabeth had a great fancy for them. Colchester and Whitstable are fully entitled to precede their Natives with the adjective "Royal."

HAULING THE
The drudges are scraper and hold to be

So far I have only described the oyster fishery at Whitstable. At Colchester it is done quite differently. It is as different as a market-garden is from a green-house. The breeding ground of the oyster is over a stretch of four miles of the river Colne. During March, April, and May 120 men are employed in dredging the river for mature oysters. These are then taken three miles away to fatten in the ugly little creek of Pyefleet. This creek is a mile long and about 200 yds. wide, with a sea wall on one side and saltings on the other. There is only one company which owns the right to fish them—the Colne Fishery Company. It has no capital like the companies at Whitstable. Its shareholders are the 170 Freemen of the City. Each pays half a guinea a year, and in the good old days received as much as £48 each after all the expenses had been paid. To-day times have changed, and they are lucky if they receive £2 or £3.

Placed in the Pyefleet to fatten, the oysters are left severely alone until now, and then are taken out like sheaves of wheat out of a granary, according to the day's order. There is no skill in dredging them. They lie at the bottom of the creek waiting to be removed, and half a dozen men can take out 10,000 between dawn and lunch time. That is one of the more interesting points about the oyster fisheries of Whitstable and Colchester. Although, even now, 2,500,000 oysters are caught annually at these two places, only sixty fishermen are employed at Whitstable to do the actual catching, and not more than twenty at Colchester. At each place, of course, there are the packers to consider, and at Whitstable there are the watchmen. At Colchester the 250,000 of

Pistol. The Special Com-
Opens with His Pen the
guarded Beds at Pyefleet,
Matters

GRAVES

Pyefleet Natives have to be guarded by the police. Five constables and a police motor boat are necessary to prevent this treasure trove from being rifled.

Pyefleet Natives of the best grade are sold wholesale at 68s. a hundred, which means that each oyster is worth 8d. the moment it comes out of the water (rising to double that price when it gets to a smart London restaurant). In these hard times any number of people would be tempted to make an easy £50 in an hour or so unless the law was there to stop them.

At this point it is only fair to the oyster industry to explain why oysters are so remarkably expensive. On the face of things it seems ridiculous that a mere shell-fish pulled off the bottom of a river or the sea should cost so much. The answer is that it is one of the most delicate creatures to rear in the world, quite apart from the decimation caused by the T.N.T. It has dozens of enemies. The star-fish wraps itself round the oyster and then eats it. The dog whelk or tingle bores into it. The burr or sea-urchin eats the young brood. Mussels and American limpets squeeze them to death or shoulder them off their beds. Flat-fish and shrimps eat the young brood—with the total result that only 20 per cent. of young oysters survive to the age of four or five, when they are marketable.

"DRUDGES" OVER THE BEDS: a steel-meshed combination of net and 300 oysters when full. They usually have trawled for 40 yds. to fill them

The American limpets first made their appearance thirty-seven years ago. Since then they have become an absolute menace to the industry, and the manager of the Colne Fishery Company tells me that more than £10,000 has been spent during the last twenty years in getting rid of them. They attach themselves one above the other on top of the unfortunate oyster until it is completely smothered. The only thing to do is to knock them off the oysters as they are dredged up from the River Colne and then deposit them in huge piles on the saltings at Pyefleet. A year later their empty shells are thrown into the creek to enable the spat of young oysters to cling on and grow up. The star-fish are so numerous out in front of Whitstable that Colchester boats go out and fish for them. In three days they can catch ten tons of them, which they sell to farmers for manure at 25s. a ton.

Fortunately for people who like oysters, this summer has seen the first good spat or breeding season for fifteen years. Unfortunately, however, we must wait another four years for the spat to grow up into edible size. This year oysters are scarcer than they have ever been—a result of a succession of cold summers. Consequently, too, they are dearer. To give an idea of what they cost wholesale, here is a Whitstable price list which explains why the charges are so high in the restaurants:

Royal Whitstable Natives, the best	40s. a hundred
Britannies, the best	34s. a hundred
Dutch, the best	20s. a hundred
Roughs	28s. a hundred
Americans	12s. a hundred
Portuguese	8s. a hundred

All these foreigners, it must be observed, are fattened at Whitstable. They are not to be compared or confused with the fully-grown ones exported direct to England. The trade in these is tremendous. Every year 50,000,000 oysters are eaten in Great Britain. Of these, more than 40,000,000 are imported direct. Of the remaining 10,000,000, half are supplied by Colchester and Whitstable in the proportion of five Whitstables to one Colchester. But whereas the Colchester oysters are all natives, three-quarters of the Whitstable oysters are fattened foreigners.

Of the other 5,000,000, one-fiftieth come from Ireland and Scotland, and rather larger quantities from the Prince of Wales' Oyster Fisheries in Cornwall, the rivers Yealm and Roach, Havant, Hayling Island, Bosham, Orford, Burnham, Rochford, and Mumbles. Not that all these places can guarantee supplies. The bad years from 1919 onwards have nearly killed some of them. The remainder of the 5,000,000—and they form the bulk of them—are more foreigners fattened at Brightlingsea, which now does a bigger trade in them even than Whitstable.

The biggest years in the oyster industry were 1916, 1917, and 1918. Young subalterns on leave from the Front, who had more money to spend than they had ever seen before, spent it gorgeously on oysters. Jesse Rowden of Whitstable told me that in those three years they used to send up half a million a week to London, and always there were orders for more. To-day the whole output of the three companies at Whitstable is only 200,000 a week, while the whole season's output of Pyefleet Natives is only a quarter of a million. No wonder they are expensive!

Another lost market is the Continent. Before the War, Ostend was a big buyer. Thousands of oysters used to go over each week and then were sent to the princelings of Germany, the grand dukes of Russia, and the smart restaurants of Paris. To-day, as I have pointed out, the tide has ebbed alarmingly. Instead of exporting them, we import them at the rate of 40,000,000 a year.

One of the advantages—in fact the only advantage of the foreigner over the Native, except the price—is that there is nothing to prevent them being sold all the year round, as indeed they are. The English oyster may not be sold after May 14 or before August 4. Why the Fisheries Act of 1877 chose these peculiar dates I do not know. That it was necessary, though, to have a close season becomes increasingly obvious every year. It is not merely that the oyster is sick for two months while it is spawning. It is a question of the English oyster being able to survive at all. Though its beds, 15 ft. under the sea, are kept relatively with the same sedulous care accorded to any ornamental garden belonging to a millionaire, its enemies are always on the increase.

This year's fine spat, if aided by a mild winter, will do much, it is true, to redress the balance in three years' time, and oysters ought to be very nearly halved in price. After all, it is always a question of supply and demand. Whitstable men say that our Royalty only eat Whitstable oysters and that the price of the Pyefleet Natives is due solely to their scarcity. Colchester men smile and say that the proof of the pudding is in the price it fetches.

It is not for me to discuss their relative merits. Like anyone else, I am no doubt fooled quite regularly by Dutchmen or Britannies when I think I am eating Native oysters of Whitstable or Colchester. True, I can detect the coppery flavour of the Cornishmen and the sweet taste of the American (Americans always say that English oysters have far too tinny a flavour to please them). But, bless me, if I am a real connoisseur, all I can do, like the rest of us, is to regret that I was not born in the days when they were a ½d. a hundred (in 1273), or 6d. a bushel (in 1393), or 4d. a hundred (in 1572). Even only twenty years ago, the best Colchester Native was only 1½d. apiece.

One of the inevitable questions one is bound to ask is whether the oyster dredges ever dredge up anything of historical interest. The answer is, surprisingly little. Numbers of clay pipes dating from A.D. 1600, Dutch brandy bottles, tiles from Arcachon in France coated with lime so that the spat could be eased off with a knife, staghorns, flint pistols, a battle-axe, and an occasional Samian jar are all that have been found. This is not surprising, really.

Year after year the beds are dredged with such methodical care that nothing can stay very long undiscovered except by an amazing fluke. As for oysters containing pearls, they are by no means uncommon, but the pearl is of no commercial value and of little interest. No, the oyster itself is the prize. He may be a rough fellow when picked out of the water, but he is examined, selected, and cleaned from excrescences as carefully as any prize-winning blossom at a flower show. After all, it takes something very valuable to equalize a dredge full of 300 potential threepences and sixpences, particularly if there are seven dredges being hauled in every few minutes for five or six hours.

But I refuse to be blamed if you still think they are too expensive, and so do the men of Whitstable and Colchester.

THE OPENING OF THE COLNE OYSTER FISHERY: The Mayor of Colchester tasting the first oysters with the Town Clerk, and Alderman W. Gurney Benham, Chairman of the Colne Fishery Board

THE MAYOR OF COLCHESTER, Councillor Hazell, with the Town Sergeant and, behind the Mayor, Mr. G. L. Trussel, the Fishery Manager, assisting in the dredging of oysters at the opening of the Colne Fishery. The dredges seen above are of an extremely ancient design

THE FIRST PICKS AT WORK: These men are working on the parapet of Carlton Gardens; behind them are the trees of St. James's Park

ATTACKING THE ROOFS: High up among the bent chimney pots the work of destruction has begun on Lord Palmerston's old house

Drawn by Percy Home

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AND GARDENS, SHOWING THE DEMOLITION WORK ON RIGHT: This drawing was made at the beginning of the week. It shows Lord Palmerston's old house in course of destruction. To the left are the gardens abutting on to Pall Mall. In the middle distance is the Duke of York's Column

OLD CARLTON HOUSE WHICH PRECEDED THE PRESENT TERRACE: This view was made from Waterloo Place and shows the long façade and the pillared portico which faced northwards

IN OLD CARLTON HOUSE: The conservatory with its fan Gothic moulded roof and pillared aisles was a striking feature of the eighteenth-century house

THE GRAND STAIRCASE: This feature of Old Carlton House was on a magnificent scale which Hollywood would have envied. It swept upwards in a great double curve

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

The Beginning of the End

There is probably no terrace or street in London which has such grand and recent associations as Carlton House Terrace. And there can be few more dignified and pleasant sights in London than this fine row of houses standing back from and above the Mall. Yet Carlton House Terrace is about to become a thing of the past: the first picks have been busy at its western end. No. 4, Carlton Gardens, once the home of Lord Palmerston and later of Earl Balfour, is half demolished, and in its stead will rise a commercial building in Portland stone, so designed that it can in the future be enlarged on either side. No. 1, Carlton House Terrace, which is next door, stands empty and forlorn, and one by one the leases are falling in and the houses being left deserted. Other houses are already doomed—there is a scheme afoot for a big hotel close to Waterloo Place.

For the last two hundred years and more the history of this small section of London has been very interesting and aristocratic—even Royal. Before Carlton House Terrace had been thought of, in the year 1709, Henry Boyle, Baron Carlton, built Carlton House on approximately the ground which is now Waterloo Place. The house was of red brick, subsequently cased with stone by Sir Robert Taylor. In 1725 Baron Carlton died, and the house passed to his nephew, Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, who further improved the mansion by employing the famous Kent to lay out the gardens. In 1732 he bestowed it upon his mother, who sold it almost immediately to Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III, and for some years it was used almost entirely for ceremonial purposes. After the death of the Prince of Wales, the Dowager Princess lived on there until she died in 1772. But its most famous days came when it was redecorated by Henry Holland for George IV when he was Prince of Wales, in 1783. Charles James Fox, "Perdita," Beau Brummel, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the unfortunate Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline, all the talk of the town was there. Princess Charlotte was born there and in 1816 her marriage to Prince Leopold took place in the Great Crimson Room of Carlton House.

In 1826 the house was pulled down and the pillars now adorn the façade of the National Gallery, while many of the fireplaces and fittings are in Buckingham Palace. Two years later the building of the east wing of Carlton House Terrace to the design of John Nash—assisted by J. Penethorne—was begun. The old house went, but its successors were worthy of the site and associations. Although the terrace was designed in two parts as we now see it only the east wing was built at first, the "riding-house" and stables of Carlton House still occupying the site of the west wing until after 1860. It was known as Carlton Ride and for many years the Public Records were kept there. Nash was also responsible for laying out the grounds of St. James's Park, which up till then had been a swampy meadow.

When Baron Bunsen was appointed Ambassador in London in 1842 he took up his residence in Carlton House Terrace, and he wrote to a friend: "On the other side of the broad street is a garden, and beyond that the palaces called Club Houses, five in number; this is on the north side. On our south side spreads St. James' Park, with its verdure and sheet of water, to the right of which is the residence of the Queen; to the left the ministerial offices (Downing Street and Whitehall, etc.) in the background of the Park, Westminster Abbey with Westminster Hall and the new Houses of Parliament." His delight in the house and its views can be easily understood for no finer or more restful view can exist in London than is to be seen from the windows of this Terrace.

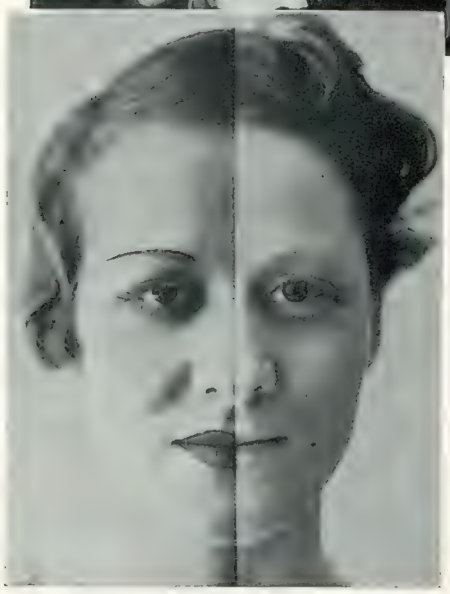
Every house has its associations, and many famous men have lived there. Two Prime Ministers have lived in No. 11—first the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, and thirty years later W. E. Gladstone. In 1840 Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards Emperor) lived for some months at No. 1, the house of Lord Ripon, and it was from there that he set out for Boulogne in an abortive attempt to revive the "Napoleonic Idea" in France, which expedition led to his imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. Lord Palmerston lived at No. 5 while he was Premier, while many other great names such as Lord Lonsdale and the Duke of Hamilton come readily to one's mind, Those were the grand and dignified days of entertaining.

To wander through the empty but still beautiful rooms of one of these great houses is a sad business and one longs to recall the ghosts and see

(Continued on p. 122)

FACING THE FILM CAMERA

THE PAINT AND POWDER DEPARTMENT: The big room at the Lime Grove Studio of the Gaumont British Company (where this series of pictures was taken) in which crowds and chorus are made up by special artists. The make-up bill of the company runs to the staggering figure of £2,500 odd per annum, exclusive of crepe hair! It is stated authoritatively that for certain roles no fewer than forty-eight different cosmetics of various types are used



HALF AND HALF: The right-hand side of a player's face is made up ready for film work, the left-hand side left in the natural state. The eyelashes are lengthened with *mascaro*, the eyebrows strengthened with a dark-brown pencil and the face slightly darkened

CORRECTING THE EYEBROWS of Miss Esther Ralston after two hours' work on the set

MAKING A MOUSTACHE: A specialist threads hair into lines of fine gauze and then combs it out. The hairs are counted, then curled and trimmed. Such a moustache looks natural even under the great arc lights used

DEFYING DETECTION: A moustache made with extreme care and affixed with great delicacy to the lip of Mr. Clifton Heatherley in the film *After the Ball*

NEW EYEBROWS are affixed to the forehead of Mr. Clifford Heatherley after they have been deranged by a morning's work and the luncheon interval

Special "Sphere" Pictures

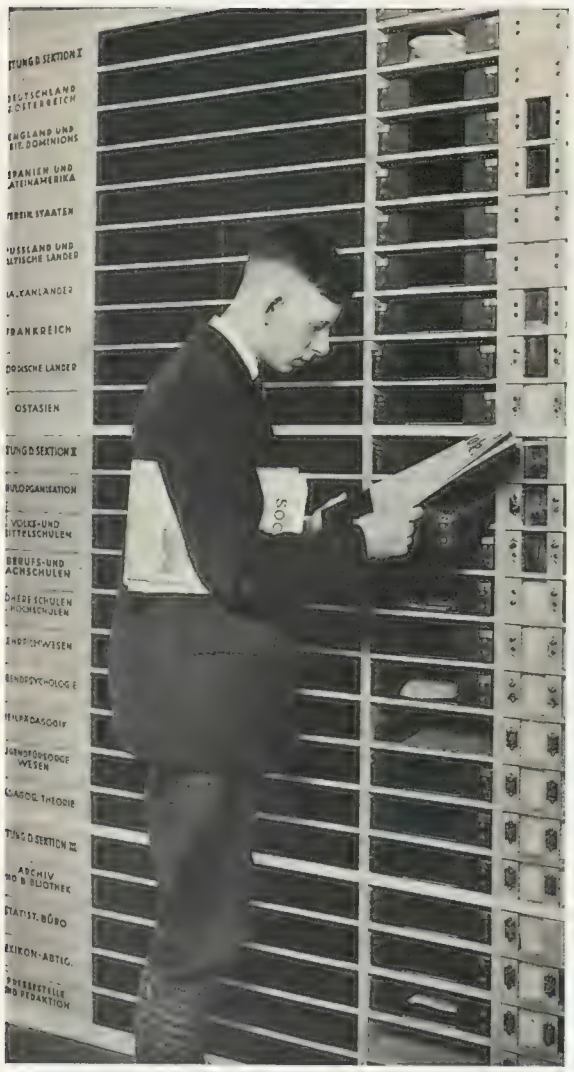
REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF LUNCH! The act of eating ruins the make-up of the lips, and Miss Marie Burke is seen above having her mouth "touched up." A kiss—for film embraces cannot be faked as those on the stage—may well entail extensive repairs which can easily take ten minutes to effect

WIG-MAKING, as moustache-making, is a fine art, for each hair or group of hairs—to the number of hairs on an average head—must be threaded on to fine gauze by special needles, which vary in size from the capacity of twenty hairs down to one. In addition, hairs have to be graduated in length and thickness to achieve *vraisemblance* and enable the player to twirl his moustache or scratch his head without fear of revealing the falsity of the hair

A FULL SET of make-up materials consists of approximately fifty different articles, from pencils to grease-paint, from unguents to powders

The very careful processes of make-up for film work seen illustrated on this page would seem to be not really necessary but, owing to the very strong penetration of lighting and the very fine lenses used in the cameras, little defects on the face or head would prove discernible and distracting under a tenfold magnification. The staff of make-up wizards are always on the set during production to repair any ravages wrought by action or heat.

BACK TO SCHOOL: Little German scholars with their satchels set out to an elementary school



SCIENCE IS EVERYWHERE in German educational institutions. This entire file in the H.Q. of a modern institute for the study of pedagogics is fitted up electrically so that any folder can be immediately located

INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION is given especially in the teaching of foreign languages. A phonetic expert is here seen helping a student to acquire the English th

THE VERY INCARNATION OF STUDENTSHIP: Two typically earnest workers in a night school in Berlin. Every effort is made to enable any promising student to get a good education

MODERNITY IN SCHOOL BUILDINGS no less than modernity in equipment and methods of instruction are the order of the day in Germany, as may be seen from this new school at Frankfurt-am-Main. The age-old characteristic of specialization, however, inevitably limits the Teutonic educational product, who does not seem to acquire special social attributes from his university training

EDUCATION IN GERMANY

Too Much of It

Germany is probably the most over-educated country in Europe. Culture to the German people is an obsession and consists largely of knowledge laboriously acquired to ends that for the most part are dead ends. In theory the system is splendid and ought to produce a race of supermen; but in practice its most obvious result is a crop of academically-titled unemployed.

The early teaching of German children is similar to that now employed in almost every enlightened country. The Kindergarten, Froebel, and Montessori systems are widely used, with excellent results, and a recent introduction common to every town of any size is the crèche-school; here children up to the age of thirteen remain from early morning until dark under the care of what might be called universal mothers, who teach them in accordance with the State's idea of home life, supervise their meals, take them for walks, and deputise in general for their natural mothers.

The teachers of the very young in Germany are trained for their duties on scientific principles, and they come to their task not only with a knowledge of teaching but with a profound understanding of children and of how their character should be moulded, not to make them little gentlemen, but to ensure as far as possible their ultimate good to the State. It is hard to say whether perfect young citizens are better than perfect little gentlemen, or what really constitutes a perfect young citizen; but the State, especially in Germany, is more and more concerned to assert its influence on the upbringing of the country's youth.

From these elementary schools, designed to awaken consciousness and to create a love of knowledge, the German child passes to the *Volkschulen*, which are equivalent to our county schools, but have a wider curriculum and a more scientific system of instruction. Attendance at the *Volkschulen* is compulsory, and, since the private and public school system as we understand it in England is practically unknown in Germany, the pupils are from every class of the community. There are approximately eleven million pupils attending the *Volkschulen*, of which there are roughly sixty thousand. Attendance for four years is obligatory, with an optional extension of two years.

The *Volkschule* in Germany is not considered to be an end in itself, but merely a preparation for the technical high schools, gymnasia (through which the student passes to the university), and academies for instruction in arts and crafts. It is made exceptionally easy for pupils from the lower schools to pass through the higher schools, whatever their financial or social circumstances, and country students who display particular mental aptitude are given the opportunity to attend a special school known as the *Aufbauschule*, where their brains are, as it were, sorted out and directed into channels likely to produce the best results. Similar institutions are the *Fachfortbildungschulen*, designed to assist the uncertain scholar in the choice of a profession.

There are twenty-three universities in Germany, besides the technical high schools whose diplomas are accepted as equivalent to the university degree, and their students total something between ninety and a hundred thousand. It is difficult for the State to absorb this large percentage of academic aspirants, and one becomes more and more convinced that education has gone to the head of the Germans in more senses than one. The system, however, is not only defined on academic principles. Among its chief aims are the disciplinary training of the country's youth and the moulding of the character into the traditional form of native German culture. Thus the educated German always gives the impression of being an intensely educated German, not a universally educated man of the world.

There are no universities in Germany which bear any resemblance to Oxford or Cambridge, and it is just as difficult to imagine Oxford in Germany as Heidelberg in England, in spite of the scholastic relationships between the leading English and the leading German universities. The German university student concentrates almost solely on the acquisition of knowledge, and appears to receive no other distinction from his university life. The absence of the college and residential system is probably the cause of the most obvious contrasts, and, although the German student gets plenty of organized fun out of his university life, he seems to pay rather more attention to his studies than is customary in England.

I doubt if the result is any better.

Roy Elston.

PRIVATE LIVES—PRIVATE FLYING

Yet another sign of the rapidly increasing and enthusiastic air-mindedness of the British was to be seen on Saturday, September 24, when the first step was taken towards the foundation of a civil airport for Essex by the aviation display held at Hillman's Aerodrome near Romford. At the moment London is well supplied with airports on three sides, in the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, but there are none in Essex. The enterprising Mr. Edward Hillman, however, laid out an aerodrome at Maylands, near Romford, about a year ago, and another one at Clacton, thus establishing an air service between the two places which has the peculiarly noteworthy distinction of being the first internal air-line to be set up in Great Britain.

The journey from Romford to Clacton or vice versa occupies barely half-an-hour by air, and the terminus is well within fifteen miles of Oxford Circus.

The two wonders of the modern age have arrived—radio and airplanes, and both are undergoing an intensive course of perfection. Both were to be seen in operation at Romford when the pilot of an autogiro, the business man's airplane, was directed to perform certain movements by a man speaking into a microphone 1,000 ft. below him. The first generation of the twentieth century has accomplished something never dreamt of before except by visionaries. But we must have more aerodromes, and more centralized aerodromes at that, before flying in general can arrive at a pitch of frequency. At the moment there is no airport around London which can be reached under three-quarters of an hour, and there is only one aerodrome in the country which lies within a radius of two miles of the centre of the town, and that is at Cambridge, where the site was carefully chosen to meet certain requirements, such as the nearness of a main road and a good 'bus service, and the best meteorological position, and the avoidance of the town in the main air routes to the North, South, and Midlands.

Flying and the love of all things aerobatic has indeed become second nature with most of us, and not least with the very young generation. In the village of Hirzenhain in Nassau the children are taught in the school to make model gliding machines, and fly them from vantage points around their homes, while the youths and men build full-size machines and fly them with the assurance of experts; at Romford a schoolboy, who couldn't have been a day more than twelve or thirteen years of age, asked me whether the Hawker Fury, whose thrilling climbs and rolls he was enjoying so much, was equipped with a Bristol Jupiter or a Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine? No doubt he had become uncertain for the moment among the multitude of different aircraft that were present.

And though we English cannot at the moment rival the curriculum of the village school of Hirzenhain, yet at Brooklands aerodrome arrangements have been made whereby youngsters in parties of, say twenty, may obtain ground instruction at the low cost of a few shillings per head. This innovation on the part of the Brooklands School of Flying is most far-sighted, and in the true nature of public-spiritedness, though perhaps it is only to be expected that the directors of what was the first civil aerodrome, and the *alma mater* of many of those now famous in the world of aviation, should lead the way in proselytizing among the ranks of schoolboys. The value of this early training in a science which can be the greatest help to world peace, and the furtherance of international trade and commerce, is too great not to be taken serious notice of by the various educational bodies.

As far as private flying is concerned there are three types of machines which are destined, I think, to play a great part in the popularizing in the future of this once most unusual and expensive hobby. They are the Cierva Autogiro, the Comper Swift, and the Fox Moth, each of which seems to have been expressly designed for a particular section of the community. For the business man the autogiro is without doubt the ideal machine. Being almost entirely fool-proof, the middle-aged man who has done little or no flying before will soon find himself quite at home in a machine which cannot be stalled or spun, and which has introduced the hitherto maximum degree possible of safety in flying. The fact that the machine can land without a run at all, and needs only a short take-off of about 30 or 40 yards, makes it extremely likely that the roofs of large blocks of offices in London will be utilized as aerodromes in the very near future. The business man is fond of doing things speedily and efficiently and the possibility of being able to avoid the crowded traffic of the roads, the hold-ups in London, or the bother of getting to and from stations by merely seating himself in his autogiro, taking off, and alighting on the very roof of his own office, is too attractive not to be put into speedy execution. Time gained is money gained, and our architects and public bodies can make ready, therefore, for a London of flat-topped buildings.

(Continued on p. 122)

BRITAIN RETURNS FOREIGN HOSPITALITY: Heston was recently the scene of a week-end Arien, organized by British Flying Clubs, as a gesture of appreciation for the kindness shown to our air-minded travellers abroad. *On left* is Fraulein Wirts, the first arrival from Aachen, with her passenger, Herr Leo Lammertz. *On right*—Comte de Clerimont Tonnerre. Funds were raised by public subscription, and the chairman of the enterprise was Mr. N. Norman

THE FAMILY 'PLANE: The *Fox Moth*, a comfortable machine, capable of seating five without discomfort and two in luxury. Adequate accommodation is provided for luggage and the machine is extremely smooth-running. It was designed by Mr. Hagg of de Havilland

THE ROADSTER OF THE AIR: The *Comper Swift*, a small fast machine economical to run. Although there is little space to spare, a full-size suitcase can be comfortably carried in a slot provided

BOOKS:

The Apotheosis of Vicki Baum: The Satire of Mr. Harold Nicolson: The Gracious Cicerone, Sir Rennell Rodd: The Charmed Life of Sir Henry Newbolt, and other Literary Notations of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

MR. GERALD BULLETT, whose new book, *Helen's Lovers*, has recently been published by Heinemann's, can model characters in plasticene as well as in words as the inset picture of Don Quixote proves!

Mr. J. B. Priestley once said, "Vicki Baum seems to me the most remarkable woman novelist now writing." I agree with that opinion except that I would delete the word "woman" after reading *Helene* (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.). This novel achieves the incredible. After *Grand Hotel* a decline seemed inevitable, but with *Results of an Accident* and *Secret Sentence* Miss Vicki Baum went from strength to strength. In *Helene* she touches depths, and ascends to heights that make *Grand Hotel* an insignificant triumph in comparison. The power of the writing and its extreme sensitiveness arrest the attention from the first sentence to the last.

Helene Willfüer, a student of chemistry at Heidelberg University, is journeying, 4th class, in a local train to Frankfurt. She is desperately poor. Her father has just died, accentuating the struggle. Changing at Frankfurt she encountered one of her few gods, the famous Professor Ambrosius, a chemist of international fame. He has a svelte, vivacious, and flirtatious wife, with whom he is in love. The book is the story of how she alienates that love by her flippant conduct, and how, gradually, Helene and Ambrosius are drawn together.

In outline it sounds just nothing at all; but in the drawing of that outline what a masterpiece of observation, intuition, tenderness, and scholarship this book is! Where did Vicki Baum derive this easy grace with the most recondite facts of chemistry and biology? What is more wonderful, where did she learn how to make the romance of chemical investigation a breathless affair for the ordinary reader? And all this is by the way. In the laboratory, in the dissecting room, the operating theatre, and the lecture room, the human agents stand forth—a wizard, a poltroon, a giant, a coward, all observed interacting upon each other, and the drama of life proceeds, collecting its actors, until the stage is thronged, and we are enmeshed in the intricate web of life.

There is Rainer, the clumsy medical student who wants to become a musician, and thereby bitterly disappoints his father, whose practice he should inherit; there is the heroic Kranich, who is slowly being robbed of his limbs by surgical tuberculosis, and refuses to die because he loves Helene; there is the repression of youth as shown in the tragedy of young Marx, and the frustrated young woman who tries to make science a substitute for life, as in Gulrapp. The lives of all these characters, subordinate to the chief character, Helene, have the most compelling vitality. I believe *Helene* preceded *Grand Hotel* and brought its author fame in Austria. It was the first leap of a flame that has burned steadily ever since. Its publication in England completes as noble and arresting a quartette of novels as this generation is likely to witness.

In Mr. Harold Nicolson's novel, *Public Faces* (Constable. 7s. 6d.), an attempt is made to develop an international crisis in 1939. Mr. Nicolson does not seem aware, either as a politician or as a novelist, that humour is quite fatal in politics. For this reason I cannot for a moment achieve any sense of reality from this story, and one is left floundering in a morass of notes passing between Embassies. The satire is bitter and clever, so clever that in the end Mr. Nicolson has created not a novel but a pincushion. The trick of taking living politicians and presenting them in the year 1939 is one that soon grows stale and proves a halter around the novelist's neck. And all the time I cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Nicolson is a kind of Cook's superguide to the habits of the highly-favoured mortals who muddle our destinies at the Foreign Office.

Some readers may find this a breathless tour of the forbidden places. For myself I could wish so much good writing had been about something that mattered. Even so there are pages that gave me sheer delight. He can evoke a scene freshly with the deftest touches. All who have wandered early through the public gardens of Paris will recall "the little balls on which the hoses were set," and at every turn Mr. Nicolson puts a spotlight on a familiar object, whether it be tea for typists in the Foreign Office or the perfect reporting of the Trooping of the Colour. But with all my despair about the manner in which we are ruled, I cannot believe that our fates hang upon the moody mockery of a Mr. Bullinger, as here depicted. When the human beings are out of the way then Mr. Nicolson is at his best in this extremely clever book. He believes in the pelicans of St. James's Park, he does not believe in the politicians of Downing Street. And he cannot, therefore, expect his readers to take his lay figures seriously.

Miss Rosamund Lehmann's novel, *Invitation to the Waltz* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), is the story of a young country girl invited to a ball. In the preliminary chapters we meet the family, sense the excitement in the young lady's breast, and then go to the ball and meet a succession of characters there. It is all most carefully and beautifully done, but I cannot help feeling that the whole book is very thin and that Miss Lehmann has been desperately searching for something to write about.

Sir Rennell Rodd, for many years our Ambassador in Rome, is well qualified to write about the Eternal City. In *Rome, of the Renaissance, and Today* (Macmillan. 25s.) he has turned his attention to the creations of the grandiose epoch after the squalor and ruin of the Middle Ages. Rome is constantly changing, and under the inspiring work of Mussolini it will change still more in the next decade, so that many of the landmarks of the post-Roman period must disappear before archæological zeal. Sir Rennell has divided Rome for his purpose into fifteen regions, and examines the chief buildings, for some kind of selective process has had to be made with so rich a palimpsest as the ground provides.

The great delight of this book proceeds from the ease with which Sir Rennell carries his learning and conveys his enthusiasm. He does not disdain to play the historian somewhat and, since for 2,000 years Rome has been the Mecca of the great of this earth, his book is rich in anecdote and sidelights on history.

It came as a complete surprise to me to learn that the British flag had once floated over the Capitol. In the days of Nelson a flotilla of British boats made their way up the Tiber, prevented the shipment of treasures from the Vatican to France, and the captain was accorded by the grateful Pope the privilege of adding the crossed keys of St. Peter to his arms. There is also a most interesting account of the visits of the Saxon kings to Rome. No lover of Rome should miss this book, which is the work of a life's enthusiastic exploration of the world's greatest city. The book is exquisitely illustrated with some eighty drawings by Henry Rushbury.

Since all the youngsters have hurried to write their reminiscences, the older generation, whether from envy or in reproof, are now writing theirs. In reading the beautifully written *My World As In My Time*, by Sir Henry Newbolt (Faber and Faber. 18s.), I cannot help feeling both wonder and envy at Sir Henry's record. Was ever a man so blessed, did ever a career proceed so tranquilly, with such little effort, so much readiness to greet his quality, so much luck to crown his best moments? With no visible effort he stepped forth to become the laureate of the public school spirit. He gave voice to the spirit of an age that highly esteemed its own merits. Fame, competence, knighthood followed in smooth order. There were choice friendships, and through sixty years a pleasing procession of delightful events.

It is obvious, of course, that Sir Henry's attractive character drew these blessings towards him. At Clifton and at Oxford he stepped into placid pools of friendship which mirrored a lovely world. With *Drake's Drum* placarded down Fleet Street on a *St. James's Gazette* bill, his fame was sealed, and "with a feeling that I had come off fairly well so far," he went down to the country to meet Bridges. "His fine figure, his masculine beauty, the rich character that sounded in his voice and made his manners and his utterances so unlike those of ordinary men, every tone and every trick of his had the rarity that we call distinction and the power that we feel as greatness." It is all a charming record of what might be called a charmed life.

How different are the opening chapters in the life of the young John Drinkwater. He has told us something of his ancestors in a previous volume; now in *Discovery* (Benn. 10s. 6d.) we see the young insurance clerk proceeding at an early age from school to the office stool. That stool was in an office situated under the premises of *The Nottingham Journal*. Mr. Drinkwater is wrong in stating that Barrie began upstairs in the capacity of cub-reporter. He arrived from Edinburgh University in the capacity of leader-writer and *de facto* editor at a salary of three pounds a week, and continued thus until such time as he bought a silk hat and went up to London.

There is little that is stirring in this quiet record. Early amateur theatricals, and a failure to appreciate his services in the insurance office, led to partnership at Birmingham with Barry Jackson in the great adventure of a repertory theatre. The book closes on the eve of that adventure, but amid all this petty detail there come passages of commonsense and shrewd comment that make this book, the second in a trilogy, quite worthy of its place.

Here is an example of his sense. "Had I known at sixteen what I know now, I would have made every effort to go to a university. I probably should not have managed it, but I should have tried hard. A university cannot make silk purses of sows' ears, but it is my settled conviction that every mind is better for that tuition and discipline if it can get them. For example, to be rash and name names, I think that Mr. Bernard Shaw is the greatest dramatist of his age and one of the wittiest minds in Europe. But I also think that four years at a university would have saved him, say, the ten years, distributed over his long and intrepid life, during which he has been engaged in telling it to the marines."

But I am ashamed of my friend in one respect. He admires the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and commends that atrocity. Poets in despair should take comfort from the information that the young Drinkwater sent out his own poems to unfeeling editors at the rate of one a week for five years without a single acceptance.

In *The Red Flag* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Britten Austin presents in twelve studies the high points in the revolutionary movements of mankind against its oppressors. He chooses the rebellion of Spartacus, the trial and execution of Charles I, Danton, Garibaldi, the Commune, Lenin and the Kuomintang in China, among other examples, and gives us a fictional reconstruction of the scene. It is all most vividly done, and the red line down through history is most skilfully defined.

In his very able exposition of *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot* (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.) Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson states in a concluding sentence: "I dare to prophesy that T. S. Eliot will be recognized generally as one of the very few great writers of the post-War world. As he is." Opposite this proclamation stands Mr. Eliot's poem:

> "Arthur Edward Cyril Parker is appointed
> telephone operator
> At a salary of one pound-ten a week, rising
> in annual increments of five shillings
> To two pounds-ten a week; with a bonus of
> thirty shillings at Christmas,
> And one week's leave a year."

I am dumb. He is? Let him be.

Dr. Renier's pert mind gives us a vivid study of *William of Orange* (Peter Davies. 5s.), the latest contribution to an admirable series of monographs. But in his exposition of the psychology of the dreary Dutchman he does not seem to be aware of some private papers in the library at Welbeck that might change his views considerably. Dr. Renier has done his best with an uninspiring subject.

BOOKS TO READ

MARRIAGE OF HERMIONE, by Richmal Crompton (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

PAN'S PARISH, by L. R. Peattie (Methuen. 6s.).

HOLD YER HOSSES, by Bob Sherwood (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.).

LETTERS TO TEG, by Patrick Adam (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

GREAT TRAVEL STORIES OF OLD NATIONS (Harrap. 8s. 6d.).

THE DOG'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY, by A. J. Sewell (Routledge. 7s. 6d.).

EARLY BELIEFS AND THEIR SOCIAL INFLUENCE, by Edward Westermarch (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

THE BEST STORY EVER, by J. Storer Clouston (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.).

THE AUTUMN ART SEASON OPENS

A CABINET OF CUT LACQUER

By courtesy of M. Harris and Sons
This fine piece dates from the first year of the eighteenth century. It was formerly a Scarsdale heirloom. It is appearing in the furniture section of the Art Treasures Exhibition

DUTCH DE LFT

A doll in china dated 1720, in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Christie's Galleries

NYMPH-ENBURG

A model by Franz Anton Bustelli in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Christie's

SIR EDWARD DERING, BART.

A canvas by P. G. Battoni on exhibition at the Art Treasures Exhibition at Christie's

A TUDOR TRAP

Exhibited at Christies by Acton Surgey, Ltd.
An oaken armchair furnished with man-capturing arms which, operated by a lever, enclose the thighs of anyone seated in the chair

BY ANTONIO CANALE

A superb landscape featuring Roman ruins and figures. The canvas is 34 in. by 58½ in., and is to be auctioned this month at Sotheby's

FROM THE SIX COLLECTION

"Isaac Blessing Jacob," by Govert Flinck, a masterpiece which is being sold in Amsterdam this month

CELEBRATING THE VINE HARVEST

In Many Lands

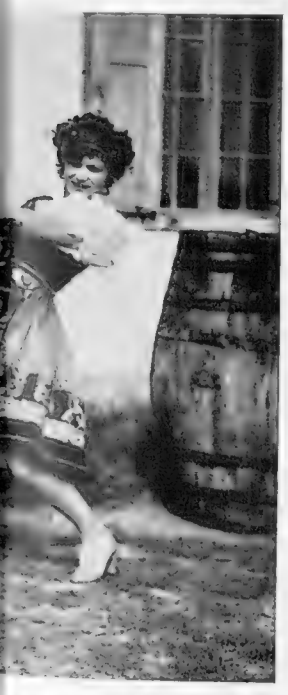
HARVEST IN HUNGARY: One of the daughters of the wealthy farmer vine-growers, Fräulein Erzsi, in the gala national costume they affect on such special occasions, on a farm in Balatonzamárd, a famous viticultural area which has this year enjoyed the finest grape harvest for a long time. Owing to high tariff walls, the prices of local wine, including Tokay, are extremely low

THE BURTHEN OF THE RIVER MOSEL: The grape ha
family concern; the women and children pick the m
in the mill. This picture is taken below Castle Co
northernmost viticultural are in th

THE END OF THE HARVEST IN ITALY is celebrated in traditional fashion. This picture was taken in the environs of Rome. The most famous wines of Latium are those of Montefiascone and Orvieto, sometimes known as Est-Est. The vines mainly cultivated are Trebbiano giallo and verde (white) and Cesanese (Velletrano), Lacrima rossa (red) and Buonvino rosso (red). Other wines are the sweet white wines known generically in Rome as Pastosi and Sulla Vena

IN GALA ARRAY: Pressing grapes of the Hungarian harve
past suffered more than any country except France f
vine, the phylloxera—a result of some American vies; b
evil and modern viticultural methods have nov

he harvest in this area is a
he men carry to the presses
e Cochem. The Mosel is the
in the world



harvest. Hungary has in the
nce from that scourge of the
es; but good has come out of
e now been installed

TESTING THE FLAVOUR: Fräulein Eva, the daughter of a wealthy Hungarian farmer, does not wait for fermentation! The wines of Lake Balaton (the Plattensee) are uniformly white

FILLING THE BARREL: Fräulein Erzsi and Fräulein Eva fill the cask carried on the back of another Fräulein Erzsi. The most famous wine of the country is, of course, Tokay, but Aszlali, Auslese, and Pecsenyebor are also made

GERMAN WINE is derived largely from Riesling or Traminer grapes—from which are made both Rhine-wine (Rhenish or colloquially, Hock, from Hochheim) Moselle, and the wines of the Nahe Valley. German labels should bear vintage year, district, vineyard, grower, and grape

PLAYS

By
PHILIP PAGE

IN BOHEMIAN CHELSEA Miss Laura Cowie scores as the lady of a rowdy Chelsea household. She is here seen with Robert Harris in this Rodney Ackland play at the St. Martin's

Disraeli has been dead for half-a-century—long enough, indeed, for the conventional portrait of him to be that of a pale-faced statesman in Court costume, talking continuously of the Suez Canal, Queen Victoria, India, Peace with Honour, and primroses.

Mr. Thomas Pellatt, who is a schoolmaster, has probably had his fill of teaching all that to his pupils. So in his play at the Westminster Theatre, *Dizzy*, he shows us a domestic Disraeli. He is here far removed from queens and canals, and in the country house of a nobleman of the period (1878) unravels, an old and tired man, the intrigues of a beautiful foreign girl and her scoundrelly financier uncle to ensnare a sentimental but wealthy young peer.

International politics disturb his amateur detective work, only to the extent of the entrance in the last act of the Russian Ambassador. Thus was Russia an infernal nuisance even in the 'seventies.

Mr. Pellatt's play is not a very good one, but it is interesting in that it affords an opportunity of seeing Mr. Ernest Milton as Disraeli, cleverly "grumpyfying" his way through three acts.

Two of these acts and a prologue take place in the hall of the country house, with a staircase, several windows, and at least four doors. The previous week I saw the whole of *Strange Orchestra* acted in a hall, in which Miss Laura Cowie slept.

I do not understand why this nowadays should be considered the hall-mark of a good play. Disraeli admitted that he felt the cold, and a large travelling-rug figures prominently in one act. Surely his host, a kindly peer, would have let the great man sit in a library or a drawing-room rather than in the hall, draughty, and apparently without a fireplace?

I am not certain whether Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli ever met in a country house, as they are made to do in this play. But I am perfectly certain they would have been asked into a room, and would not have been left to discuss fallen women and the Bulgarian atrocities on two chairs at the foot of the staircase.

This hall-complex is symbolic of *Dizzy* in that there seems to me no reasonable explanation of it. The author, one may take for granted, knows all about Disraeli and all about the plot of his own play. Yet in actual fact he is content to leave Disraeli in the hands of Mr. Ernest Milton (where he is perfectly safe) and to leave the audience in the dark as to why most things happened.

Why was Dizzy in that Radical country house? How did the beautiful Russian and her uncle come to be invited? What were the motives of Caroline, Lady Creech (Selina, Lady Bradford)? Why did the Russian Ambassador press for the arrest—in the hall, of course—of his fellow Russians? It was all rather bewildering without being particularly exciting. But there are some good lines, many the author's, and others Disraeli's.

By the way, it was of, and not to, Mr. Gladstone that Disraeli said, in effect, "I have often had the ace of trumps up my sleeve, but I have never flattered myself that God put it there!"

Mr. Ernest Milton's Disraeli was admirable. In the prologue (1836) he used that Pirandelloish sing-song which might have become tedious had it remained throughout the evening. But he shed it with the advent of the older Disraeli and showed humour, shrewd insight, and a thorough grasp of a not very tangible part.

Very beautiful is Miss Vera Poliakoff, and she made the adventuress—a stagey person—appropriately like a character from *Lothair* or *Contarini Fleming*. Miss Gillian Scaife, a little too perky in the prologue, settled down to a reasonable portrait of the "managing" Lady Creech, and Mr. Eugene Leahy had a gallant dash at Mr. Gladstone.

I have never done a cross-word puzzle in my life, though I am willing to take on trust the skill of "Torquemada" (Mr. Powys Mathers) as a setter of them.

But his play, *Cold Blood*, presents a murder "mystery" which it is not very difficult to solve. I doubt whether it would have been any more effective had that murder been a brain-racking puzzle. For stage crime is beginning to be rather dull. When I am confronted, as I so frequently am, with the problem of "Who killed So-and-So?" I can muster up no more enthusiasm than if the problem were "Who killed Cock Robin?"

Still, *Cold Blood* is one of the best of its kind, though the dialogue is better than the construction, which, considering the author's side-line, is rather surprising.

By far the best performance came from Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis. Miss Frances Day has any amount of eagerness, and when experience has brought a sense of restraint and the instinct for repose when circumstances call for it, she will probably develop into a useful actress.

One day, perhaps, we shall find a middle course of appreciation of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and consequently a sane one.

At present it is difficult to find anything between the Scylla of modern cynicism and the Charybdis of venerable adulation. I find either very young men who dismiss these works as middle-class Victorianism at its worst, or very old men who assert crustily that there has never been anything so good and never will be. Both sets are in a rather bad temper and quite impervious to argument.

Do the operas "date"? Of course they do. Fashions in humour change more quickly than any other form of dramatic fashion.

TRIAL BY JURY AT THE SAVOY: Mr. Sydney Granville makes a deliciously amorous judge: on his right is seated Angelina, the plaintiff (Miss Kathleen Frances)

POOR WANDERING
Dickson as
famous song in
Marjorie Eyre)
Maisie Baxter
Frederick

GILBERT
SULLI
OPE
AT
SA
THEA

(Special
Pict

THE ARMY AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Miss Norah Robinson has joined the cast of *Orders are Orders*. She is here seen with Mr. Basil Foster

FLOUTING THE PIRATE KING: Edith (Miss Marjorie Eyre) airily blows away the threatening pistol. Mr. Darrell Fancourt makes a superb Pirate King in his sable and scarlet

"IN THE REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND": Mr. Leslie Rands is the suave counsel in *Trial by Jury* at the Savoy. By him is seated Miss Kathleen Frances

ONE: Miss Muriel Mabel singing the Act I. Edith (Miss and Kate (Miss are holding back (Mr. John Dean)

AND
VAN
RAS
THE
VOY
TRE

" Sphere "
ures)

With a First Series of New Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Pictures, Specially Taken for "The Sphere"

New pictures will also appear of the other operas during the present season at the Savoy Theatre

Even in the case of Shakespeare, although his tragedy and his poetry are as mighty as ever, I think those of us who are honest will admitthat the Swan of Avon is to-day no great shakes as a funny man, and that we laugh at his "comic" episodes largely out of politeness.

Frankly, I cannot abide Old Gobbo the gravedigger, Dogberry, and almost the whole gallery of Shakespearean clowns, with the exception of Lance and that unactable scene with his dog.

Forty years or so sees nearly as radical a change in humorous conception as the centuries which have passed since Shakespeare wrote. Gilbertian dialogue and situations are not now so irresistible as once they were. I do not here allude to the stock instance of Gilbert's non-humour —the supposition that a woman growing old is a figure of fun—but to the whole Gilbertian bag of tricks, with the exception of his lyrics, in which there is genius.

FIFTY-FIFTY AT THE ALDWYCH: Miss Winifred Shotter looks very charming as she gives advice to Mr. Ralph Lynn in this entertaining light comedy

But if Gilbert and Sullivan has dated, that is not to say that it is out of date. The distinction is that there are many things to appreciate in the "dated" play which may even have the value and virtues of a museum piece. But an out-of-date play is scarcely tolerable.

To appreciate the distinction, one has only to compare the periodical Gilbert and Sullivan seasons with the recent series of revivals at Daly's of Victorian and early Edwardian musical comedies. Put *The Mikado* beside *San Toy* and the answer is obvious enough.

One need not after this go far into the musical side of the question, for Sullivan is neither dated nor out of date. His music is as fresh to-day as ever it was—and as acceptable. Moreover, his neat and always adequate scoring is in itself a delight. I trust that the occasionally-threatened re-orchestration of Sullivan will never come about, or that if it does, it will not be my painful duty to listen to it. To overload his scores with muted trumpets and harp *glissandi*, with the moan of the saxophone and the rattle of the xylophone and, to top it all up with a spot-lime on a gesticulating trick-conductor, would be as grievous a sin as to give genuine Sheraton a coat of cheap enamel.

The conductor of the present season, by the way, though he has any amount of enthusiasm and is a promising young man, is over-emphatic and has some unfortunate methods to unlearn. They are quite out of place.

The Gondoliers is a merry old business, with the Sullivan melodies flowing at their happiest. There are a few *longueurs* between the songs, and I found myself regretting that the part of the Duke of Plaza-Toro was not a longer one. But that was partly because of the youthful agility of Sir Henry Lytton.

I had seen Sir Henry a few nights before watching Mr. George Graves in *The Merry Widow*. Since, alas! this is the last time he is to play the Duke in London, would it be impossible to secure Mr. Graves as Sir Henry's successor in this part, if only for a few performances? Mr. Graves giving advice to the two young monarchs would be distinctly interesting. There is more than a touch of the Gravesian *vieux marcheur* in the Duke of Plaza-Toro.

A particularly good performance came from Miss Rowena Ronald, the Casilda, who can both sing and speak lines with point. Miss Dorothy Gill, the Duchess, has the accepted brand of D'Oyly Carte contraltoism.

The Grand Inquisitor of Mr. Sydney Granville was good, but hardly ripe enough.

STAY, FREDERICK, STAY: Mabel (Miss Muriel Dickson) beseeches Frederick (Mr. John Dean) not to return to the Pirates. A great success was scored with the duet

With great skill does Mr. Walter Hackett perform his perennial task of writing a play round the diverting personality of his wife, Miss Marion Lorne. His plays for this reason take the form of solos with an orchestral accompaniment. If it does not matter vastly how the orchestra is constituted and what tunes its members play, the soloist is always at the top of her form with tunes to her own liking and that of her many admirers.

Road House, the latest attraction at the Whitehall Theatre, is built on these lines with no little ingenuity, and I see no reason, therefore, why a prosperous run should not have its reward.

What *Road House* is about matters rather less than what Miss Lorne does with an enormously long part which allows her hardly any respite. She is, of course, again in difficulties, which necessitate comic equivocation in that characteristic voice of hers. She can lie and hesitate and chuckle and look distressed with untiring vigour, and her sense of comedy enlivens an evening of crook drama which, with all its cleverness, is on familiar and even over-familiar lines.

The essence of it all is that Miss Lorne, through no fault of her own, is caught up in a gang of bandits, and suspected of being as guilty as any of them by the detective who loves her and whom she loves.

All comes right in the end, innocence falling into the arms of the law in a literal and romantic sense.

The author does not make it quite clear why in one scene, dated 1899, Miss Lorne should appear as her own mother, who had been a barmaid in the Angel inn, which in 1932 is an up-to-date "road-house." We could surely have taken for granted the fact that the inn was the property of the 1932 Miss Lorne. Possibly the "flash-back" was used in order to show the 1899 Miss Lorne actually at work with the bottles and beer-engines, with which she contrived to be deftly amusing.

In other respects the stolen car, the pearl necklace, the shot man, the eloping peeress, the patent cigarette-lighter, and so forth, all fit into the story with the smooth complication of a well made jig-saw puzzle. It would take me a couple of unnecessary columns to explain how and why they do so.

THE WESTMINSTER REOPENS: Mr. Ernest Milton acts the name part of Dizzy in the new play by Mr. T. Pellatt—a Dorsetshire schoolmaster

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE DEAD CITY OF ANARADHAPURA: The royal baths still exist, but the wall on the left has bulged out in threatening fashion

THE PICTURESQUE DANSBORG FORT dates from A.D. 1620. The walls surmounted by perforated parapeting, enclose the old European houses

CEYLON : The Attractions of a Wonder Isle

There is always a sense of expectancy when the ship's anchor drops in Colombo Harbour, no matter how often before the voyager has viewed the scene, and it would be difficult to explain why. The voyage along the coast has not differed, the wind-bowed palms look the same, and unless there has been experience of monsoon weather, the calm serenity of the land is undisturbed. One of the largest shipping ports in the world, half-way house for ships plying between Europe, Australia, and the Far East, Colombo with its cosmopolitan population is the gateway to a land of unending interest. Here Europeans of every nation contribute their share to the medley of races, which include Singhalese, Tamils, Moors, Malays, Parsees, Indians from north and south, Afghans, and others. The streets of the capital offer a fascinating introductory entertainment, though anyone with days at his disposal quickly makes for the interior, to the less westernized towns, and the mountains.

TEMPLE OF THE SACRED TOOTH: Looking through the entrance to the Hall of Beggars

But not before a trip has been made to Mount Lavinia, seven miles along the coast. It is a pleasant outing which lures Colombo residents regularly to enjoy the unique panorama from the terrace of the Grand hotel. Go at tiffin time. The smart set will then have assembled; and in this hotel perched high above the waves, which 100 years ago was founded as a Governor's palace, the stranger will obtain a very comprehensive impression of what Ceylon means to-day.

In the matter of climate the seasons take a hand and also there is a variation between almost tropical heat to the coolness of an English autumn, just according to the altitude of the place visited. While the average yearly temperature of Colombo is 80 deg. Fah., most of the beautiful tableland of Nuwara—Eliya, is never higher than 70 deg. and averages only 62 deg. December and January are the coolest months and the best for visitors who wish to get about and see something of the charms of this "Island of Dusky Leaves" in a few days.

Seen from a distance at sea, this "almost Indian isle" of the old geographers, presents a remarkable appearance. The elevation known as "Adam's Peak," the most spectacular of the hilly ranges of the interior, towers up like a guardian mountain and guides the mariner when as yet the lighthouse of Colombo is hidden by the green groves of palms which seem to spring from the waters of the ocean. In area Ceylon is 25,300 square miles, or say, one-sixth smaller than Scotland, so the enterprising visitor can get a good idea of the island in a tour of ten or twelve days.

There is a railway from the capital, which was named by the Portuguese, who first settled in the land in 1505, after Christopher Columbus, to Kandy, the old city, the former capital of the kings of Ceylon, with the ruins of their palace and the temple wherein is jealously preserved the reputed tooth of Buddha. Kandy, which lies round the margin of an artificial lake, created by the last king of Kandy in 1806, and charmingly surrounded by hills, contains sixteen strikingly interesting temples, twelve being Buddhist, and four Brahman; the tombs of the Kandian kings also have a special interest. There are two good modern hotels, and nearby are the Royal Botanical Gardens. The flora of Ceylon is peculiar to the island; some 800 species are found nowhere else, including 150 species of orchid, 270 of ferns and innumerable climbing plants.

In Pollanarrua, the ancient capital, are most remarkable vestiges of an early civilization, and here also is the celebrated "Gal-wihara" a rock hewn temple. That of Dambula was built in 100 B.C. and is the most celebrated on the island. The bell shaped, tapering dagobas of Ceylon resemble the pagodas of Burma, some rising to a height of 249 feet.

It is here only possible to point out the various sources of interest and charm to the visitor, who, when in Ceylon, though abroad, is still in British territory, with no need for a foreign language, and hardly a foreign currency, for the coinage of Ceylon is the Indian rupee, divided into a hundred cents, equal to one shilling and fourpence at par, and in practice to a great deal more!

IN KANDY: These temple sweepers hold it a great honour to be allowed to clean out the courtyards of the famous dagoba

TRANQUEBAR : An Historic Spot on Coromandel Coast

To the northward of Ceylon up on the Coromandel coast, lies Tranquebar, an historic spot which may well lure the adventurous. It is a British seaport town, once a Danish settlement, and here the first Protestant mission in India began its work.

Not many Danish settlements are to be found in India, and the history of the establishment of this station by the Danes in 1620 is full of romance.

Denmark first turned her attention to the East Indies in the seventeenth century during the reign of King Christian IV, and in 1616 an East India Company was formed—the times were suitable as Portuguese power was then on the wane in the East and they were being gradually driven out by the Dutch. Many Danish sailors had sailed with the Dutch expeditions—the most noteworthy being one, Roelant Crape, and it was he who induced King Christian IV to venture on this enterprise, while a Dutch merchant, Marcelis Boshouwers, who appeared at the Court of Denmark in 1617, brought still further inducements. This latter had been in concert with the King of Kandy and had assisted him to drive out the Portuguese from Ceylon, and as a reward for his services had been created Prince of Megomme by the Emperor of Ceylon. In 1615 the Emperor was again in difficulties in Ceylon and had dispatched this Dutch merchant to Europe to get help from the Dutch. The latter, however, gave him the cold shoulder, so hearing of the creation of the Danish East India Co., Boshouwers *alias* Prince of Megomme, proceeded to the Danish Court.

He had no "papers" from the Emperor, but nothing daunted, he forged these and succeeded in making a treaty "for Aid and for Commerce" between His Majesty King Christian of Denmark and the Emperor of Ceylon, which was to last for seven years from 1618. In August of that year Roelant Crape started out in the good ship *Oeresund*, and arrived safely in Ceylon, and informed the Emperor of the Treaty, and that King Christian was sending out a fleet to implement the compact.

FIRST IN THE FIELD: The upper part of the little mission church, the first in India, bears the date 1718 under a gracefully devised monogram of Frederick IV

Unfortunately, Crape was induced to attack the Portuguese off the Coromandel Coast before the arrival of the Danish Fleet—his ship stranded on the coast, and with only thirteen survivors Crape was lucky enough to escape, and fled to the Naick of Tanjore in whose domain lay Tranquebar. It was not till May, 1620, that the Danish Fleet, after a voyage of one and a half years, arrived in Ceylon under the command of Admiral Ore Gedde in the man-of-war *Elephant*, while the Dutch merchant, the Prince of Megomme, sailed in the warship *David*, and three merchantmen accompanied the fleet.

THE FORT GATEWAY AT TRANQUEBAR is a later structure dating from 1792, with monogram of King Christian VII

The ships were scattered off the Cape, and it was only on arrival at Ceylon that the admiral learnt of Crape's disaster and the death of Boshouwers on the *David*.

Admiral Gedde found the Emperor of Ceylon a "broken reed"—he repudiated Boshouwers self-made Treaty, and refused to pay the large sum stipulated therein for Danish assistance, though he was still hard pressed by the Portuguese. After much bartering, Gedde extracted another treaty from the Emperor by which the latter ceded the important anchorage of Trincomalee to the Danish Crown. The Admiral then thought he had better make for the Coromandel Coast of India and see what could be done there. Here, thanks to Crape, who had made his influence felt in the Court of Prince of Tanjore, he found smooth sailing. Crape had obtained from the Prince a strip of land, five miles by three, at an annual rental of Rs. 3,111, at the small fishing village of Tranquebar—originally a Portuguese Settlement, and here Admiral Ore Gedde laid the foundation of the Dansborg Fort in 1620. The colony continued to flourish and King Frederick IV in the eighteenth century started missionary enterprise; the renowned missionary, Ziegenbalg, arriving in Tranquebar in 1706.

Now in the twentieth century we find the missionary work still carried on. The whole settlement was finally ceded to the British East India Company in 1845.

E. L. SKINNER.

FELINE BABYHOOD

THE HUNTING LEOPARD: "Gill Gill," the baby cheetah at the London Zoo, is here seen guarding her dinner against all comers. The leanness is no symptom of decadence through captivity, but is characteristic of the species

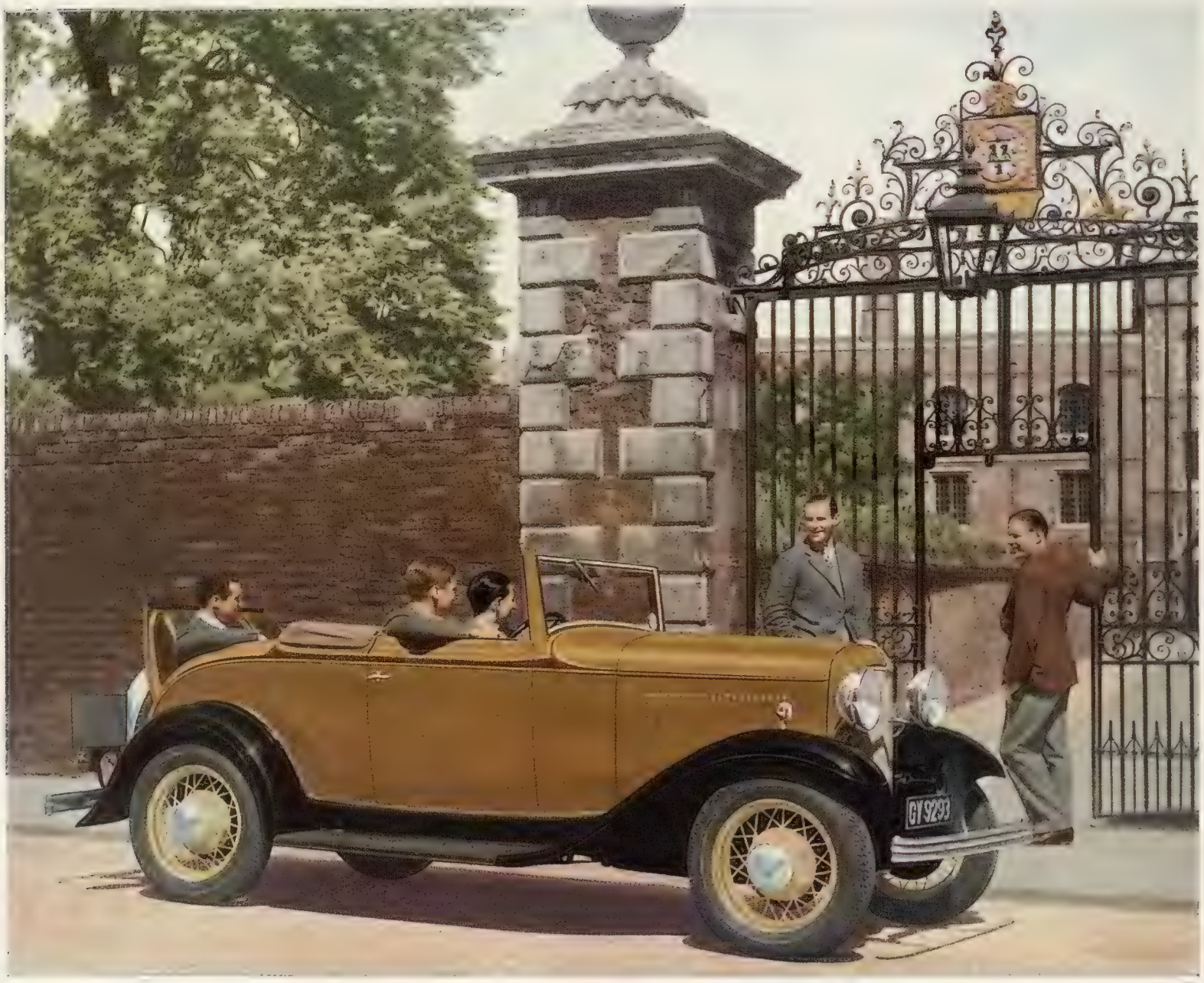
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE! A lion on a "rock" at the Palais des Sports, Paris, in a big spectacular show

THE LEAN CHEETAH: Felix, the popular cheetah at the Zoo enjoys a stroll with a friend

A LEONINE PICK-A-BACK: A baby lion cub — only nine weeks old—makes a none too certain effort to enjoy a ride on his mother's back

In circle on right—A LEONINE BOXING MATCH at Whipsnade

THE MENAGERIE BORN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: Three lion cubs born in mid-summer in captivity are now on view at The Jungle, New Zealand Building, Crystal Palace. They are owned by Mr. G. Tyrwhitt Drake, ex-Mayor of Maidstone. The trio is here seen with mamma looking complacently down at them. The difference in expression—wistfulness on the *left*, conscious appeal in the *centre*, and calculation on the *right*—is most striking



FORD V-8 CABRIOLET, £295, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM. OTHER BODY-TYPES FROM £230, AT WORKS.

Just One Big Thrill!

WHOLESOME, EVERLASTING! Obviously the more experienced of motorists will feel it more than will the younger, but *nobody* takes his first drive—or even his first *ride*—in a Ford V-8 without saying "Oh, *what* a car!" Engine, transmission, steering, brakes, are *all* super. Deathly silent, but with perfectly galvanic acceleration. Wonderful gear-changing, thanks to the synchro-mesh box. Second speed as quiet as top. Several types of bodywork, equally attractive, each in its own line. Ask the Local Ford Dealer to arrange a road-test. No matter how seasoned a motorist you are, you will be interested, intrigued. Taste that thrill. And in the meantime study the fully descriptive V-8 Catalogue the Local Ford Dealer will hand you, on request.

Come to the Great Ford Exhibition at the White City—October 13-22

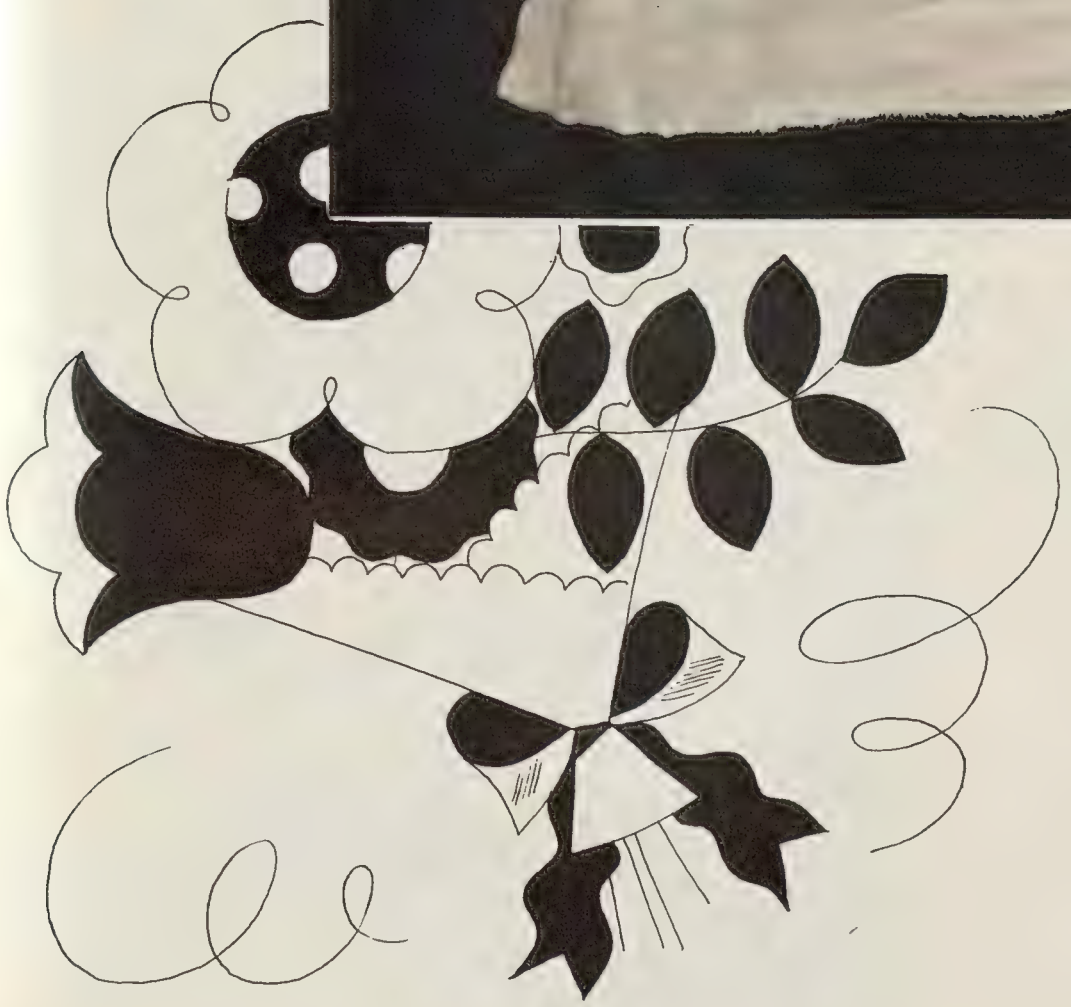
(First day, 3.30—10 p.m. Other days, 10 a.m.—10 p.m.)

F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y L I M I T E D

88 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Regent 7272—15 Lines) Dagenham, Essex (Rainham 300—17 Lines)

A GOOD FRENCH ACCENT

a glove is the gage accepted by mainbocher



D. Todd's Section

For Our Hall of Fame

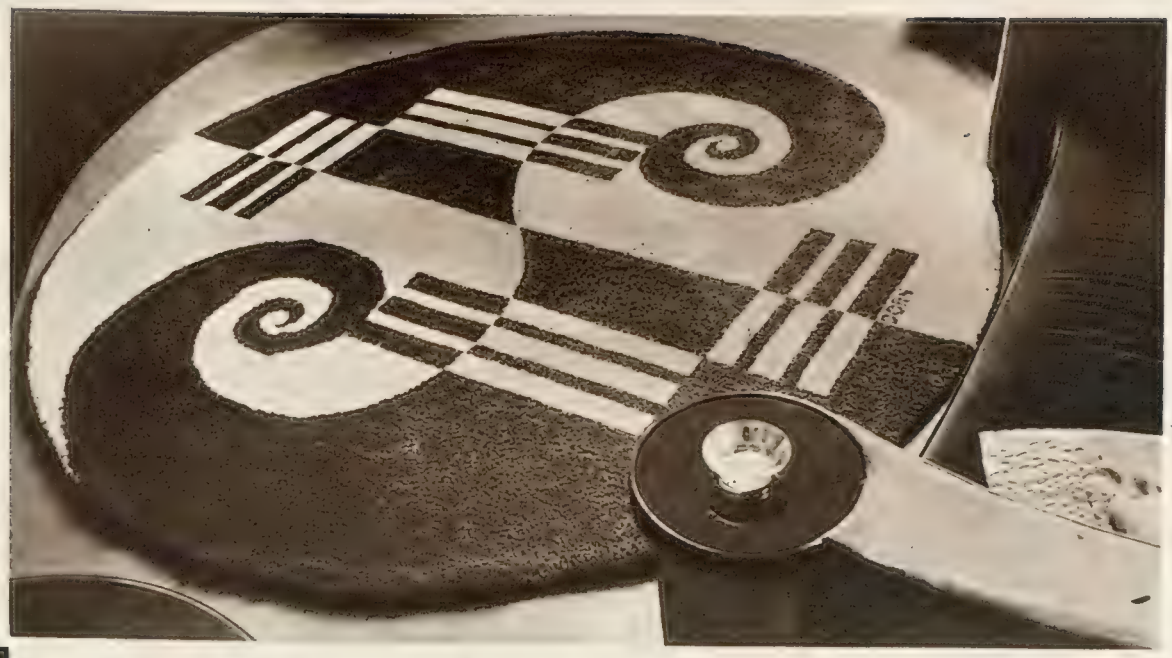
women distinguished in various fields

WHEN flying men congregate to talk of matters concerning their peculiar craft, they not infrequently find time to let fall an imprecation or two against the women who so surprisingly have invaded it. It is useless to pretend that the average airman enjoys the success of women pilots, and he can find something unpleasant to say against most of them, but strangely enough one rarely hears anathemas hurled against Winifred Spooner. This is not because she fails to do her job well enough to make her rivalry serious. She is probably one of the best all-round efficient pilots flying in this country. She is the only professional flying woman to compete for and carry off an ordinary professional job against male competitors—the management of the Ratcliffe aerodrome. She is the only woman manager of an aerodrome. She has competed in several of the big races, including the Round Europe contest in two consecutive years. In 1928 she won the Siddeley Trophy, but her reputation has been won rather as a pilot of general handiness than as a performer of stunts. When about two years ago the machine she was flying came down in the Mediterranean she swam two miles in the dark to the Italian coast to get help for her male passenger left on the 'plane, and treated the incident as a matter of every day expediency. She is just now piloting her employer on a tour in the Near East. Her popularity, her modesty, her courage, and her competence have certainly raised the status of women fliers in their professional world.

Naomi Mitchison (picture top right), novelist, poet, playwright, educational reformer, historian, and scholar, is one of the most remarkable of living British women; I dare not say "English," for she asserts enthusiastically her Scottish blood. Daughter of the Oxford physiologist, Professor J. S. Haldane, and only sister of the Cambridge biologist, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, she was brought up in an atmosphere of scientific learning and free discussion, but while a schoolgirl she began to write poems and plays and show herself an artist rather than a scientist. During the War, while a very youthful home student at Oxford, she married Dick Mitchison, now a barrister and Parliamentary candidate, and for a short time became absorbed in domestic affairs. She has now five splendid children, whose sunny nursery looks up and down the Thames at Hammersmith. In 1923 she published her first novel, *The Conquest*, a story of Gaul under the Romans, revealing rare historical imagination and vigour of narrative. Since then her stories of Rome and Greece and of still earlier epochs have culminated in the really magnificent *Corn King and the Spring Queen* which was not only one of the books of last year but one of the novels of post-War England. Her latest achievement is her editorship of the *Outline of Knowledge for Boys and Girls and their Parents*, published last month, a fine piece of team work organized with great skill and insight into educational values. Among all her large literary output, her family, her interest in her husband's political career, and her historical scholarship, she finds time for activity in various kinds of social reform affecting personal and domestic relationships and the rearing of children. A fine, free, vigorous, uncompromising personality, an artist of profound ability, something of a rebel, something of a genius, she is still in her early thirties, and no one can prophesy what she may finally achieve.

Two years after she finished her usual college course, Natalie Davies, then a young unmarried American girl, returned to Vassar and took courses in Child Health and Psychology, and began to study the problems of children's behaviour. But it was not until she had come to England that she visited Margaret McMillan's School at Deptford in 1926, and began to think of doing something of the kind herself. The Chelsea Open Air Nursery School is the first result of that decision. It is an experimental school built with every possible advantage of modern equipment in the old sixteenth-century cottage known as "Henry VIII's Hunting Lodge," and its extensive garden. There children from financially privileged homes can enjoy the amenities Margaret McMillan devised for the children of the poor, the value of companionship, out-of-doors life, and trained supervision in the formative years from two to five. There children are helped to look after themselves, to control their own environment and to live in a social world. Glebe Place is a charming sight on summer mornings with troupes of brown-bodied, merry babies in bright sun-suits flocking to her school; but all over the country, through the Nursery School Association of which she is one of the driving forces, other and poorer children are escaping from basement rooms and crowded garrets to similar schools. The spreading of the nursery school movement among both poor and well-to-do is one of the gifts that this handsome, vigorous young American woman, with her three bonny children, has brought to the country of her adoption and marriage.

(*Continued on p.* 122)



RUGS

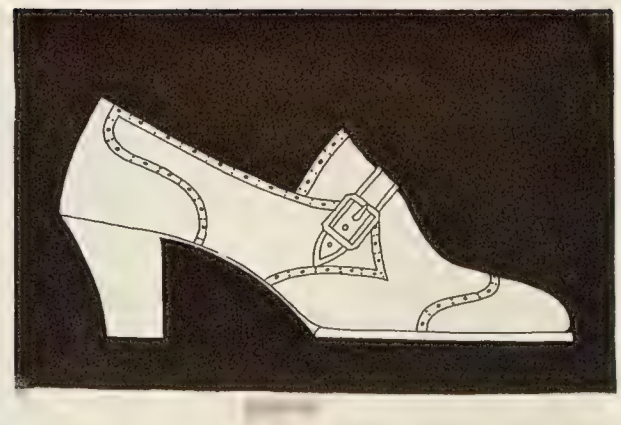
BY MARION V. DORN

A certain austerity distinguishes the consciously modern room. Wall surfaces, curtains, and covers tend to be plain, and a pattern of the more complex or subtle type generally appears either in the form of a picture (this, even, among purists is apt to be taboo!) or that of a good modern rug on the floor. It follows that the rug has, functionally, to-day attained the pinnacle of its historic significance in the decorative scheme. Such rooms call, then, not so much for a mere floor covering as for a work of art.

It is no exaggeration to describe the rugs featured in this article by such a term. Marion Dorn enjoys an internationally established reputation. She is more than a designer, she is an artist craftsman, who conspicuously proves that work can be, and is, produced in England, which, both as to intelligent conception and adequacy of technique, competes on equal terms with the best Continental production. Mrs. Dorn above all sees her room as a unit in which floor coverings, curtains, and furniture covers all have some definite relation to the ground plan and to one another. A successful use of arabesque combined with a delicately reserved palette (this artist's present tendency is away from bright colours) distinguish the rugs shown on this page.

Lead pencil greys, beiges, browns, and white play a leading part in Marion Dorn's agreeable colour scale to-day. These comparatively neutral colours, she feels, allow for changes in the general scheme of the room. Too often in the past a rug has been apt to tie its owner down, and rugs which are actually in two colours only reveal so rich an invention in arrangement as to suggest an infinite variety of tones. In the case of one brown and white rug, for instance, the changes from light to dark are achieved merely by means of the distance at which brown spots are disposed on a light ground.

Lilley and Skinner



The woman of the world accepts ecclesiastical inspiration: a "monk" shoe of tan willow calf

A ruched leather motif lends distinction to a court shoe of the new half-matt kid

The Grecian cut goes modern: kid with insets of suède has the latest scalloped edge

STUDD and MILLINGTON

"Attention!" A coat of blue grey Harris tweed frankly admitting its military antecedents departs from a too strict military discipline by appearing on parade enhanced by a beautiful fur collar of Siberian fox and further asserts a feminine bias by means of cuffs and flaps to its patch pockets which form an entente in favour of a fancy cut. A two-piece suit which would be equally "at ease" in town or country proves the fashionable possibilities of the new hand-woven tweeds, in a shade of azure blue

Your Winter Coat *NOW*

Pressure of political news prevents us from taking several pages and really telling you about our winter overcoats! However, we hope that you will come here and see for yourself, for never have we had quite such a magnificent collection. There are double-breasted waisted coats for town. There are heavy Ulsters. There are many styles also in between these two extremes: for instance, the Walking Ulster which is suitable for town and for country too. They are all to be had, of course, in every size and in the widest possible variety of tones, colourings and materials. All these overcoats are beautifully tailored, with scrupulous attention to detail, and perhaps, therefore, the most remarkable thing about them is the reasonable price at which they are offered.

Walking Ulsters from
5 GUINEAS

Heavy Ulsters from
5 GUINEAS

Waisted Coats from
5 GUINEAS

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET

ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

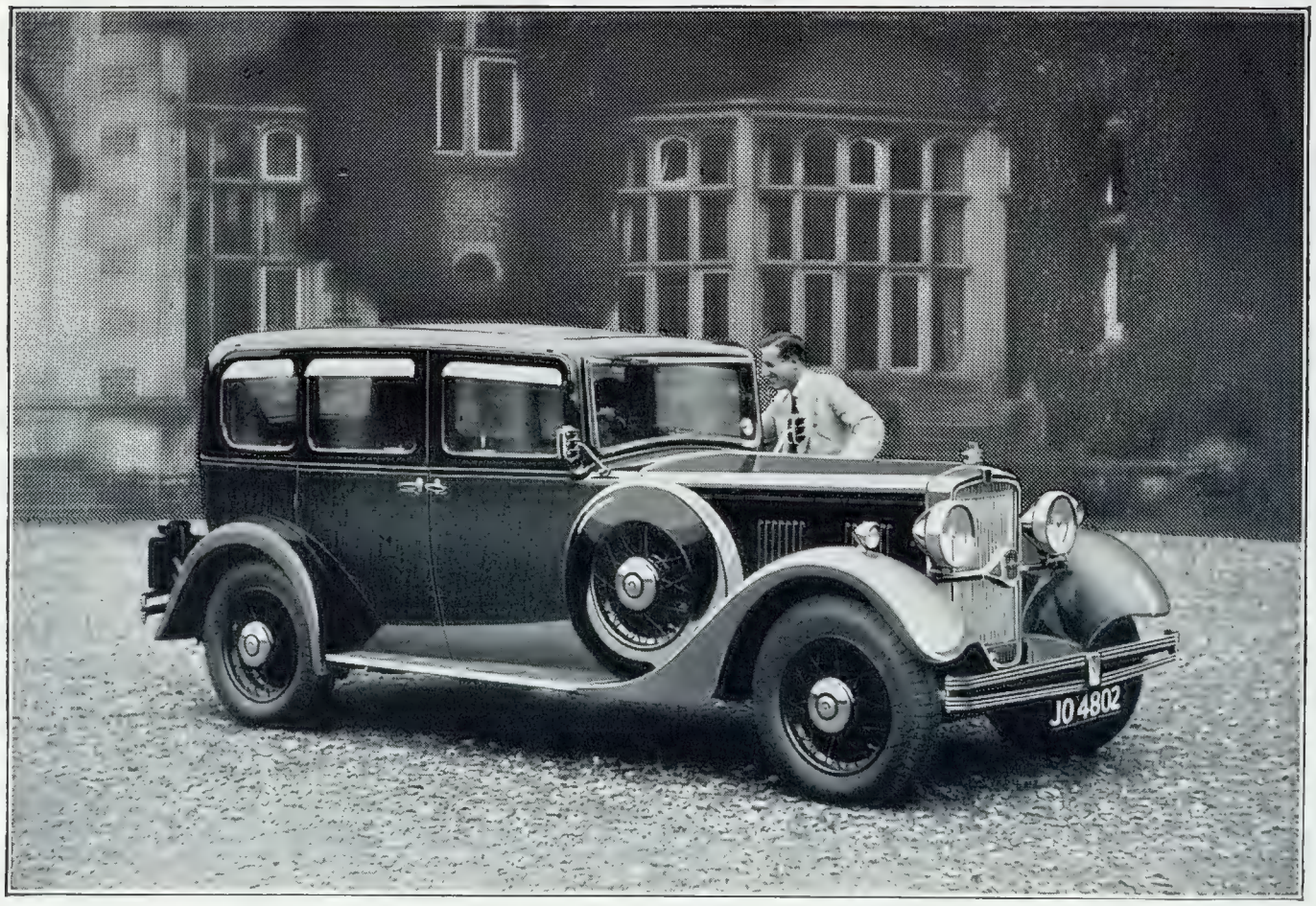
WEST END: 103-113 Regent Street, W. 1 · 24 Coventry Street, W. 1 CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3

Glasgow · Birmingham · Liverpool · Manchester · Sheffield · Leeds · Bristol · Belfast

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

P.16102

THE NEW MORRIS '25'



A very powerful car—effortless to handle—giving an easy 70 —costing less than £400

When the question of the Morris "25" was first discussed the idea of cost was left quite in the background. This was to be a car for those who could command the best. There must be power and more power, silent and unsuspected, but ready to pour into life at the slightest touch. There must be the urbane confidence of control that takes everything on "top" and can trust implicitly in its braking. There must be the sweeping flow of body lines; the impression as well as the achievement of speed. And, as to equipment, of course—*everything*.

The miracle is that this great car has been able to realise every one of these ideals at a price that could be conceivable only in terms of advanced production methods and scientific costing. Imposing appearance, dominant performance, superb comfort, effortless driving—Morris "25" has succeeded in materially reducing the cost which until now has controlled the enjoyment of all such advantages.

NO OTHER CAR QUITE LIKE THIS

Never before has such a car been created to sell at such a price. The Morris "25" gives you real mastery of the road, so easily, so quietly, yet so completely. With this impressive power at your disposal, all you will ever need on any main road are the two top gear ratios. These are of the constant mesh type, which change so easily that the movement becomes almost automatic. With silent, swift decision Lockheed hydraulic brakes bring you to a standstill at the lightest foot pressure.

A MASTERLY POWER UNIT

With its magnificently suave command of speed the "25" can easily deceive you as to its real performance . . . so easily, so contemptuously almost, does it slide into speed; laying off the flashing miles behind it. The crankshaft of the 25 h.p. 6-cylinder engine weighs no less than a half-cwt. and is dynamically and statically balanced for utmost smoothness. A torsional vibration damper is also fitted. Notice, too, the air preheater, cleaner and fume consumer that assures constant carburation, adds to running economy, provides proper upper cylinder lubrication and keeps the body free of fumes on the longest run.

SPECIAL FRAME DESIGN

The gliding smoothness of "25" touring is due in no small measure to the special frame, the duplex-bracing being extended fore and aft for extra lateral support. This scientific design effectively cuts out any trace of "weaving" and "lozenging" at the cost of no more than a few pounds in extra frame weight. The illustration of the "25" is eloquent—the impressively long bonnet and sinuously graceful body-lines are all in keeping with the easy power of the car.

LAVISH EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT

The detail specification, of course, is complete—nothing has been overlooked that can increase driving or riding comfort. For most motorists this big car has an entirely new motoring sensation in store. Until you sit back in the driving seat you cannot hope to realise the half of it. It's a matter you must investigate for yourself. Give your Dealer a ring about it—he will be glad to arrange a trial run.

MORRIS "25" FEATURES AT A GLANCE

1. 25 h.p. engine of advanced side-valve design with special air preheater, cleaner and fume consumer.
2. Sweeping acceleration that makes top gear performance a foregone conclusion.
3. Specially constructed frame with extended duplex-bracing built for extra riding stability with least weight.
4. Supremely confident hydraulic braking.
5. Impressive length and lines.
6. Studied comfort.
7. Comprehensive equipment including two spare wheels with 6 in. section Dunlop tyres, Lucas Biflex headlamps, sliding roof on closed models, Triplex glass throughout and flashing Direction Indicator.

THREE MODELS

TOURER	£385
SALOON	£395
SPECIAL COUPÉ	£395

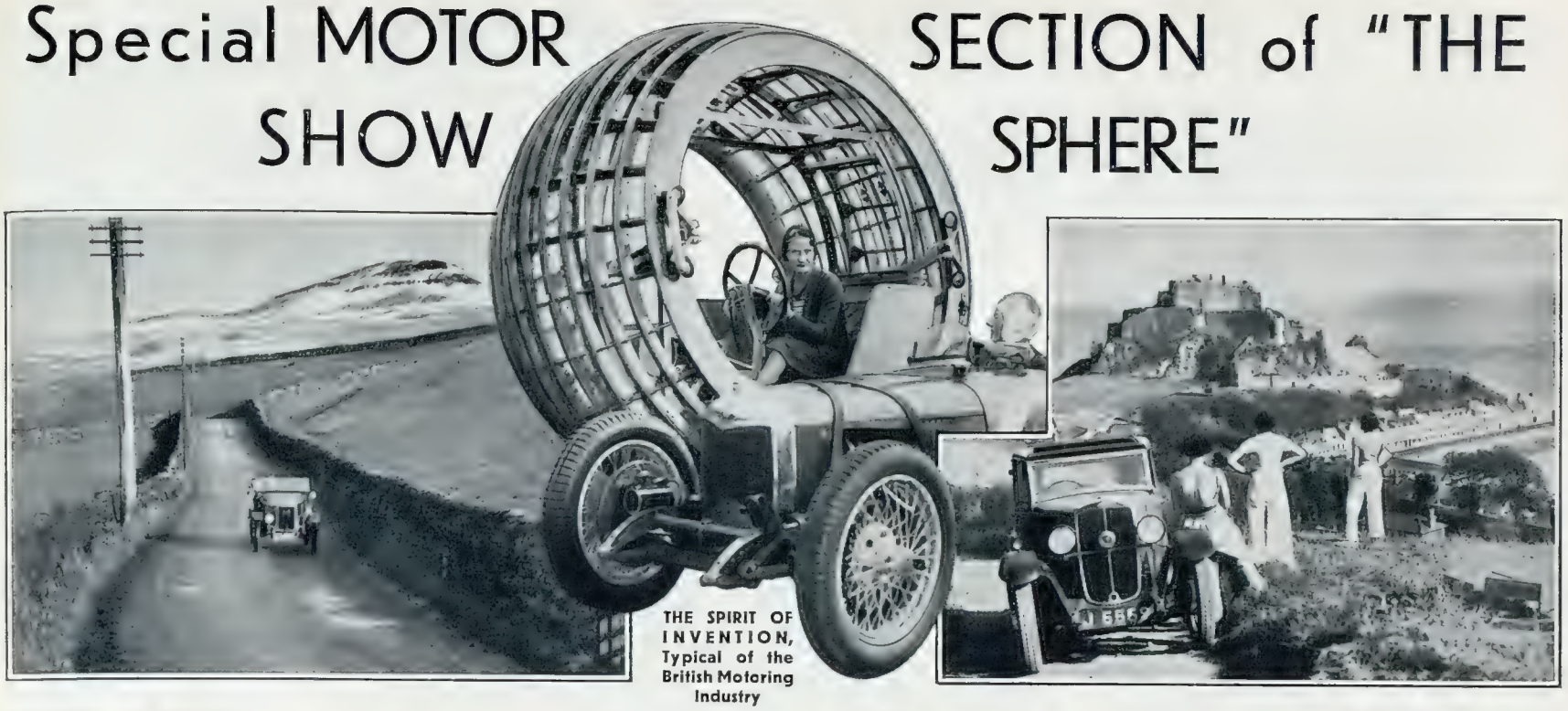
(Both Saloon and Special Coupé are fitted with Pytchley sliding-head.)

MORRIS

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED

COWLEY, OXFORD, ENGLAND

Special MOTOR SHOW SECTION of "THE SPHERE"



MOTORING IN WINTER

THE SPIRIT OF INVENTION, Typical of the British Motoring Industry

MOTORING IN SUMMER

THE CARS OF 'THIRTY-THREE

OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH MOTOR SHOW

Reviewed by

A. PERCY BRADLEY

M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Race-course; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

Before these words appear in print, the Twenty-sixth International Motor Exhibition, organized by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., will have opened its door to the public. We are, without doubt, living in a time of stress and financial uncertainty, when trade as a whole has shrunk, and as a result worldly affairs are depressed. Fortunately for this country its motor trade has suffered least of all from the unusual conditions now prevailing; in fact, anyone who visits Olympia whilst the Exhibition is open will have the greatest difficulty in scenting any trace of despair inside the building. The British motor trade presents to the world through this Exhibition the finest motor cars built anywhere, and it is no doubt due to the quality of their products that has allowed the trade to overcome all the difficulties of the past twelve months and more in such a manner that record business has already been done by more than one firm before the Exhibition opened. Inside the hall will be seen what the Society itself describes as a five-mile pageant of the world's finest automobile products. If anyone should go to Olympia with the intention of being merely an interested spectator not desiring to buy a new car, I venture to prophesy that before he leaves he will have been tempted very severely to place an order.

As I said last week, Olympia this year is a real landmark in motoring history. Its predominating feature is the easy-change gear-box. It is safe to say that every manufacturer has given this subject considerable thought, and a great number display to the public the result of that concentration. Then, again, the popularity of the 6-cylinder engine is being hotly challenged by the 4-cylinder unit, which is feeling its feet more strongly now that it is linked up with flexible mountings which provide "floating" or "cushioned" power. The motor trade is nothing if not alert, and having its hand on the pulse of the public it is inclined to assume that in 1933 people will buy just as many cars if not more than they did in 1932, but that owing to the general shrinkage of capital and income the cars that will be sought after will be smaller, cheaper to buy and to run than before. The makers' foresight in this direction will be apparent to anyone who visits the Show. I do not wish to give the impression that there are no large luxurious cars on view, because that would be incorrect and far from the truth. There are big cars in plenty, and there will always be a considerable demand for such vehicles.

In addition to the car exhibits there is a unique display of boats, carriagework, garage equipment, tyres, and accessories. The prices of admission are 5s. and 2s. 6d., the reduced rate operating after 6 p.m. on all days from October 14 and from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on both the Fridays and Saturdays when the Show is open.

I find that the great trouble with all exhibitions is that people try to do too much, with the result that they become tired and out-of-sorts before they leave the building. The Motor Show is such an extensive display that I would seriously suggest any intending visitor making two distinct visits. Although this may cost him or her 5s. or 2s. 6d. more as the case may be, the additional sum will be well spent. The organizers tell us that there are five miles of pageant, so that if the whole length of the various gangways is traversed, that distance alone would have been covered. Then there is the bending down to look at some part of a chassis, the inquiries made at this or that stand; and the fact that the whole Exhibition is under a roof, although the ventilation is excellent, all combine to produce weariness at the end of a single visit.

The stands are so full of genuine interest to motorists this year that a one-day visit will necessarily mean that much of what should be seen will be missed. I, therefore, say, set aside two days for an examination of the Show.

If, however, the visitor has decided that he is going to buy a car of a certain size and within certain limits of price, and is not interested in anything else, then one day will be sufficient for his purpose. I cannot imagine, however, that even in such circumstances the would-be purchaser would not wish to return on a second occasion for the purpose of bettering his motoring education.

I have often heard motorists state that they have no intention of going to Olympia because they are certain to be crushed in the crowd, and that all the cars can be seen in their respective showrooms after the Exhibition is over. Such a view is absurd; firstly, because it is only on very rare occasions that unpleasant crowding takes place. Thousands upon thousands of people visit the Show each day, but the various halls are so spacious that it is most unlikely that there will be a jam of traffic at any particular point. Since the new accommodation at Olympia has been available the undue crowding which may have taken place on some occasions in the past is never likely to be repeated. True, the 1933 models will be on view in various showrooms for many months to come, but there is a tremendous advantage in being able to examine all the cars of one class under the same roof. A keen buyer makes comparisons between the chassis which attract him, and it is not very pleasant in order to carry out this, to walk from one street to another, particularly if it be wet or foggy. Olympia is really a golden opportunity which offers the maximum convenience to anyone who buys a car intelligently.

An exceptionally smart Sedanca de Ville body by Barker mounted on the 20-25-h.p. chassis The rear wings are moulded to give a stream-lined effect

ROLLS-ROYCE

This famous firm is exhibiting two 20 - 25 - h.p. cars, an enclosed limousine, and a Continental touring saloon on the Phantom II chassis

Motor-boating like caravaning is become more and more popular each year, so that visitors to Olympia should make a point of looking at the exhibits of boats, and they will find that these are surprisingly attractive and the prices are probably well below what was anticipated. Then again, Olympia houses one of the finest collection of garage equipment which has ever been brought together. We may not all own garages, but it is a very mistaken idea to pass by these exhibits on that account. I would advise every motor owner to see for himself the latest garage equipment, and then he will be in a position to weigh up the merits of his own local garage as compared with any other competitor which may be in the same district or town.

No matter into which section of the Show the visitor goes he will find that the exhibits are a great advance on those he has seen on similar previous occasions. No motorist can afford to miss paying a visit, but even if his journey to Olympia would only have been to inspect and not to buy he will find, when talking to other car owners, that his missed visit will tend to make him completely out of date with modern motoring matters.

NOTABLE CARS of the SHOW

1933 MODELS of FAMOUS FIRMS

ALVIS

The 6-cylinder "Speed Twenty," a high-class super-sports machine which possesses the same engine rating as the Silver Eagle. The attractively low build measures only 41 in. from the ground to the radiator cap

The "18" Saloon, which is fitted with the Daimler Fluid Flywheel and Pre-selective Gear-box. The engine possesses, among other refinements, a seven-bearing crankshaft and an automatic carburettor

LANCHESTER

ROLLS - ROYCE.—The public that attends Olympia during the Motor Exhibition may be divided roughly into two classes, embracing on the one hand those who wish to inspect at one sitting, as it were, a range of cars from which they will make their choice, and in the other category, those who regard the assembly of vehicles as an Exhibition in a literal sense, and do not leave until they have seen everything that is available for them within the vast halls. Irrespective of the category into which the visitor may fall, it is unlikely that he will omit to look at the Rolls-Royce exhibits. Year by year this stand is a magnet which proves irresistible, and on this occasion there are four cars, all typifying the finest productions in the motoring world, proudly British and possessing a majesty all their own. The four cars are priced respectively at £2,670 for each of the two larger models, and £1,625 and £1,560 respectively for each of the 20–25-h.p. cars—£8,525 in all.

Rolls-Royce have never hurried to introduce the "latest" selling point, preferring to test to the uttermost everything that they hope eventually to offer to their clients. This year, however, they have adopted a quick-change and specially silent third gear-box on all models, a modern development which sets the seal of approval upon the present-day need for a simplified gear control mechanism, and which may be deemed the very best system that can be conceived.

On the long chassis Phantom II there is an enclosed limousine six-seven-seater body finished in blue and black with a white line relief. A blue colour scheme has also been chosen for a Continental touring saloon on a short chassis Phantom II.

The two smaller cars will be found to have closed bodies, a scheme of black and silver line being eminently suited to the limousine, whilst the mole-grey exterior and upholstery of the touring saloon are very pleasing in the case of the other 20–25-h.p. chassis.

DAIMLER.—The Daimler exhibits this year are rendered more than usually interesting in that a new model appears with overhead valves in place of the sleeves for which Daimlers have always been renowned, and also selling at £450 for a 15-h.p. saloon, no Daimler having appeared since the war at a price under £500. The new car is shown in chassis form, a wise move in view of the fact that there are still sufficient people who appreciate the opportunity to examine the whole layout as well as to inspect the finished products, and close at hand on the stand there are three examples of this same chassis with a variety of coachwork.

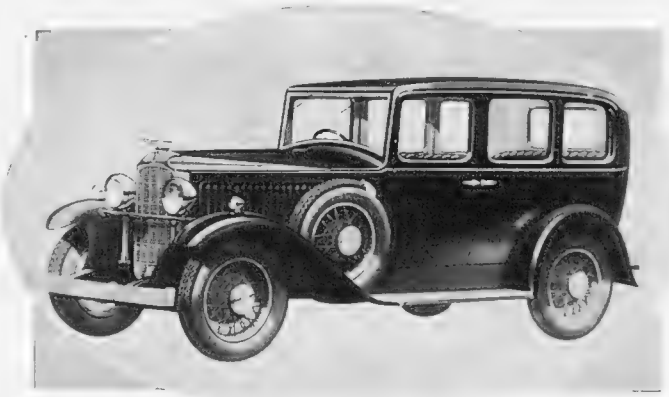
Other exhibits are the 6-cylinder 20-h.p. saloon, an enclosed limousine on the slightly larger 25 chassis, and finally the magnificent 50 Double-Six, an introduction which most people will remember about three years ago, but now refined with the Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selective gearing system, and of course with the many other blessings that have been brought to motorists within recent years.

Every car on the Daimler stand has the advantage of the Daimler fluid flywheel and the pre-selective gear-box, the details of which should be investigated if they are not already known. A sectioned model of this exclusive transmission system is on the stand, and no motorist should miss the opportunity of inspecting it.

LANCHESTER.—Just as the Lanchester "18" was one of the sensations of the 1932 Olympia, so may it be said that the new Lanchester Ten will occupy a similar place this year. It is true that it has already been available for some time, the tendency for manufacturers to announce their programmes earlier each season reducing the element of surprise that Olympia may spring upon the motoring world, but this smaller brother will still remain as one of the "high spots" of the Exhibition.

Costing only £315 to buy and with a tax of only £10 per annum, and with other maintenance charges in proportion, it provides ample room for four or even five persons, and is blessed with one of the most refined fittings of recent years, the Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selective gear-box. Motoring with the aid of these mechanisms in place of the orthodox clutch and gear-box is very different from the motoring of yesterday and hitherto a luxury denied to the majority. Now it is within reach of a considerably larger circle, bidding fair to become the light saloon de luxe of the motoring kingdom.

The engine has six cylinders and the whole car is built on luxury lines. The Lanchester "18" is retained as one would expect it to be following its successful past season. Among its numerous refinements might be mentioned the Daimler transmission system detailed above, a seven-bearing crankshaft, automatic carburettor, and a luxurious body, the whole costing £595 as a saloon, fully equipped, and already a thoroughly tried production.



The Cadet Saloon the excellent qualities of which the motoring public have not been slow to appreciate

VAUXHALL

There are six colour selections for the body which may be upholstered either in furniture hide or blue Vaumol leather

ALVIS.—The reputation of the Alvis Company does not carry one back to the earliest days because they did not enter the motoring world until after the war. Nevertheless in this comparatively short period they have gained for themselves a pride of place born of good workmanship and attention to the especial requirements of discriminating enthusiasts. Setting themselves a high standard, the Alvis Company have sought always to advance beyond it, and from time to time they have announced something new which has always been simultaneously something good.

For 1933 they have given their ever extending clientele a new 12-h.p. car, to be known as the "Firefly," and marking their return to the one-and-a-half litre class in which their original reputation was founded. The new car possesses similar characteristics to the "Speed Twenty," which model is still retained, and should find favour to an even greater extent than it has done during the past season. Of low build, rakish yet sensible lines, and backed with a chassis the performance of which may be deemed definitely of the highest order, the Alvis range both of 4 and 6-cylinder cars should not be missed. In the latter class there is the Silver Eagle range and the Speed Twenty products, both with engine of similar rating, but the one possessing super-sports specification. The stand contains a very complete series of all models, chassis as well as closed bodies being available for inspection.

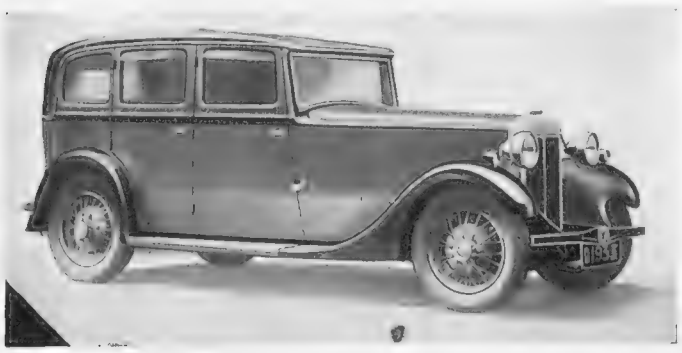
HUMBER.—Humber cars for 1933 as exhibited at Olympia form an imposing range; all with most attractive lines suggestive at once of wide capability yet possessing a quiet dignity including sweetness with solidity. The main new features in the models that we have known in the past are sturdier chassis, more adequately braced "cushioned power" which eliminates all traces of harshness in the transmission of engine output to the road wheels, and new body styles which have achieved the difficult task of improving upon what was undoubtedly something very good twelve months ago. So vast are the changes that have been made that one finds cars that are really new models carrying the names by which their immediate predecessors have been known.

A new Humber which should prove extremely popular is the 4-cylinder 12-h.p. saloon, an example of which is on view. It carries a tax as low as £12, and costs only £265 complete with a very refined specification. The crankshaft is carried in three bearings, and the "cushioned power" principle is applied to this model in common with all others in the Humber group. The wheelbase is 8 ft. 2½ in., which indicates the generous amount of body space that is available, and its lines will be found most attractive and following closely to those of the larger models. The car has a 4-speed gear-box with silent third, and the entire production is on luxury lines. It should certainly be studied closely.

VAUXHALL.—The Vauxhall stand will display to the public the very much improved Vauxhall Cadet, which has already attracted great attention. The latest edition is something well worth examining, and is full of interesting features. I would, however, like to draw attention straightaway to the very ingenious design of air-strangler which is fitted to the carburettor. With the orthodox carburetter many an engine is ruined by the driver inadvertently leaving the air choke full on whilst he covers a considerable distance on the road. On this new Vauxhall, unless the driver is stone deaf, such a thing cannot occur. In addition, by pulling out the choke, the throttle opening is adjusted automatically so that the driver has not to press on the accelerator pedal or alter the throttle control on the dash or steering-wheel when starting from cold.

The new Vauxhall Cadet is fitted with synchromesh gears to the second and top speeds of its 3-speed box. One must appreciate that, although only two gears are of the synchromesh type, a quick and silent change can be made up from first to second, which is a most important change in my opinion.

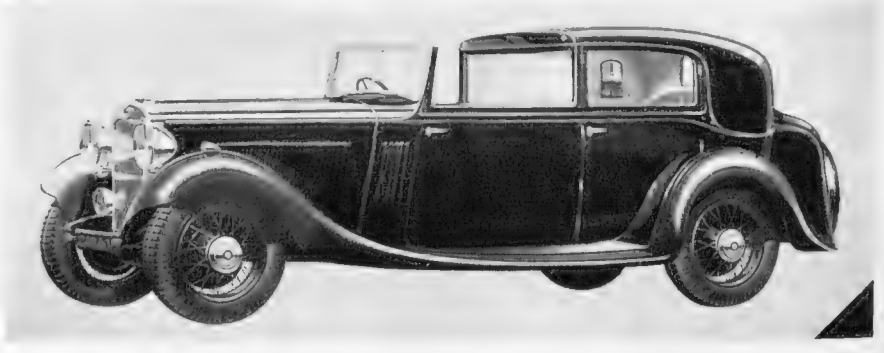
The price is ridiculously reasonable and the engine has far more power than before. Two sizes of engine are available, the larger one being usually fitted on chassis going overseas, but even for the home market the larger power unit can be obtained by those who would like it, and there is no extra charge entailed.



DAIMLER

The "20" Saloon, which enjoys unvarying popularity as a car of refinement and class. The wings are moulded to afford greater protection from mud and stones

by A. PERCY BRADLEY



The new Cabriolet de Ville, with a luxurious and elegant body by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., possesses decidedly sporting lines and is remarkable value at its price of £895

HUMBER

A THOROUGHBRED

A new Daimler is born. 15 hp. £450

A new Daimler is always an event, but this is an epoch. It revises all our ideas of what money will buy. Remember, first of all it is a Daimler, every inch of it from the radiator fluting to the ribs of the petrol tank; Daimler power, Daimler design, Daimler fastidious workmanship, made in the splendid Daimler tradition. It is all that and more.

Much more. It is a Daimler fitted with the Daimler Fluid-Flywheel Self-Changing Transmission that puts it ten years ahead of everything that comes near it on the road, the new Daimler Transmission that with a single dab of the foot has put all the gear levers and clutches in the world into the museum.

The new "Fifteen" is the sister of the "Twenty" and the "Forty" and the "Fifty" and all the great Daimlers that have earned for the Daimler the title of the "Car of Kings." As they are for the wealthier men, so the new "Fifteen" is for the owner-driver, the man of taste who does not want a chauffeur-driven car but must have a thoroughbred. If you don't see Daimler (Stand 33) and Lanchester (53) you will have missed the greatest features of Olympia.

Let us send you full particulars of the Daimler and Lanchester range. Write your name and address in the space below, and post to

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY

Sp. 192

Daimler

for

£450

Other Daimler models include

'20' *from* £725 '25' *from* £875

'40' *from* £1550 '50' *from* £1650

All fitted with the wonderful

DAIMLER FLUID-FLYWHEEL SELF-CHANGING TRANSMISSION

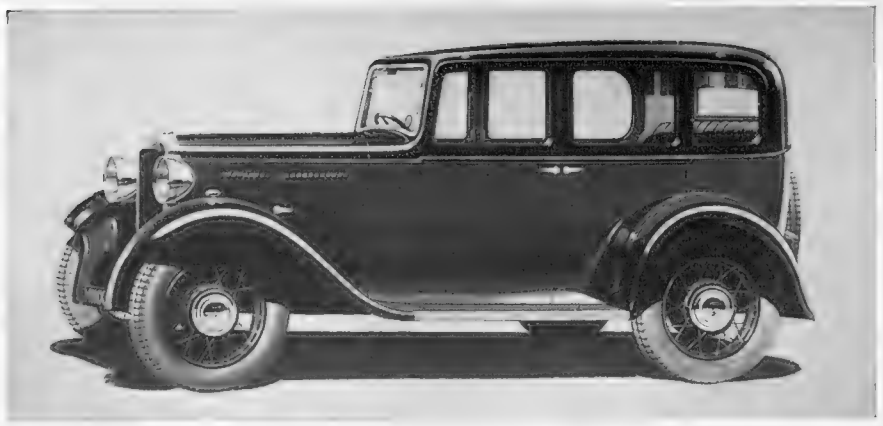
which is also available on the new

Lanchester

'10' *from* £315 '18' *from* £595

NOTABLE CARS of the SHOW

—(Continued from p. 114)



The Hillman Minx, which remains unchanged for 1933, having achieved such popularity during the past season that no alterations have been found necessary

HILLMAN

HILLMAN.—The Hillman Minx is a more recent introduction than the Wizard, and in a very short space of time the former has proved a most popular small car. For 1933 it has been improved very considerably and several new body styles make their appearance at Olympia, indicating clearly an even wider appeal for the coming season. The Minx is a literal example of a small car built on large-car principles. Its specification is very complete and expensive, but the actual cost of the car is as low as £159 for the saloon model. Even the most luxurious models, examples of which are on the stand, cost under £200.

The Wizard very quickly established itself when it was produced because of a top-gear performance which was little short of marvellous. This very desirable feature has been retained in the 1933 cars, two almost identical chassis being offered with a choice of engine size. Six cylinders are employed in both cases, but one can have the 65, rated at 15·9-h.p., or the 75, a more powerful unit carrying a £21 tax.

The provision of three completely new seven-seater body models will show how admirable the Wizard chassis is suited to really roomy and luxurious coachwork of the closed type. Bear in mind that the prices are not so high as the cars themselves would suggest, because the most expensive models are under £400, and the standard Wizard saloon is £285.

RILEY.—Rileys are amongst the firms that have concentrated upon improvements to a well-tried and popular model in preference to a policy of introducing something entirely fresh each year. The Riley Nine went straight to the hearts of a wide circle of enthusiasts immediately it was produced some seven years ago. It offered then a very capable car with a marked individuality and luxuriousness in that it provided a 4-speed gear-box with a silent third ratio. Its body lines were ultra-modern, and to-day one finds that the Nine is still produced, basically the same car that we could obtain then and at the same price. There have, however, been countless minor improvements, and the body styles in particular will be found most intriguing.

A 12-h.p. 6-cylinder is a new model, filling a gap which undoubtedly existed between the 4-cylinder Nine and the only Riley alternative, the 14-h.p. Six. This little Twelve should have a wide appeal, and form a graceful step up from the smallest to the largest Riley, it being a well-known fact that many motorists, upon taking to a Riley, hesitate to depart from that make so long as there is a model to suit their individual requirements.

A blue colour scheme predominates among the Rileys this year, extending to the stand itself and all the cars exhibited.

AUSTIN.—Recent changes in the Austin Seven have taken it farther away from the original type than any development since its introduction eleven years ago. At the same time most people will be pleased to see that, at heart at any rate, it is still the same little motor car, now rejoicing in the latest embellishments, and the whole at a price even lower than that for the cheapest model in 1932. The two-seater costs only £105, or £13 less than before, and the saloon is selling for £115 instead of £118. These reductions become even greater than the figures suggest when it is realized that 4-speed gear-boxes with silent third ratios, rear petrol tanks, and many other points have been included in the new specification. The Seven will continue to be one of the world's most popular baby cars, and will find an ever-widening market as the "tender" vehicle to the family car, the ownership of two cars of the right types not proving so costly as some people are inclined to believe.

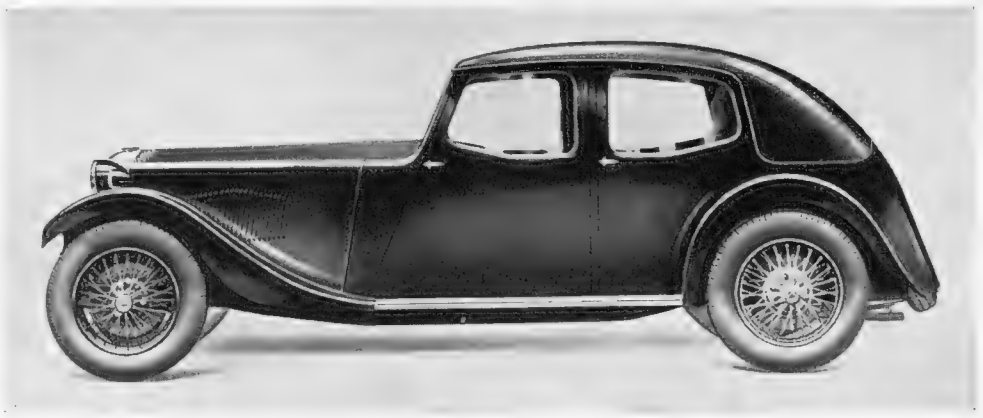
The rigid policy of Sir Herbert Austin to retain existing models from year to year is apparent from the statement which is true: that the three principal cars have now been marketed for over ten years.

New models have, of course, been introduced, and the new Light Twelve Four should be noted as the most recent. This is a different car from the old favourite, Austin Twelve, a larger product with a wide-world reputation for sturdiness and reliability and still with us for 1933.

The full range embraces the Seven, the Ten Four, which was introduced some five months ago, the Light Twelve Six, the new Twelve Four and the old Twelve Four, the Sixteen Six and the Twenty, also a 6-cylinder car.

When it is realized that a wide choice of body types is offered, all at highly competitive prices, it is easy to understand why it is that such a high percentage of all cars registered every year emanate from the Austin factory.

The Olympia exhibits of the company cover all the more popular types, and the man who wants either a new "family" car or another to augment his existing model will find that he need not go much farther than the Austin exhibits.



The new Kestrel saloon of very modern lines. The body panels are of aluminium

RILEY

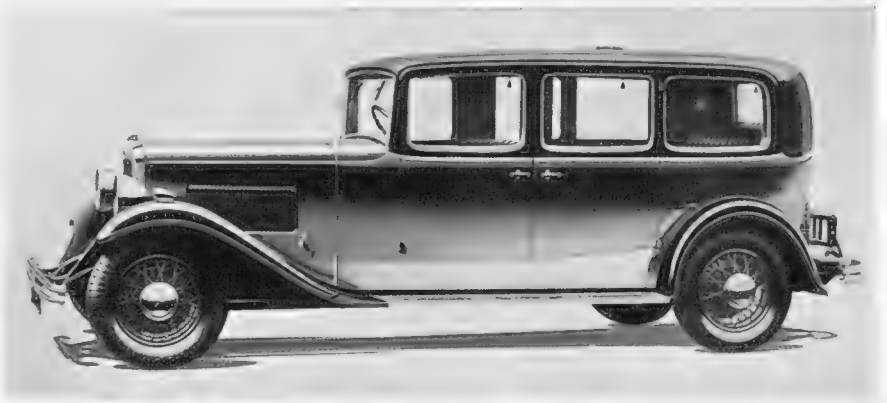
This type of saloon is mounted on two chassis, the 6-cylinder 12-h.p. and the 6-cylinder 14-h.p.

MORRIS.—A new Ten Four and a Family Minor have been added to the Morris range since last season and the other cars, all of which remain basically the same, have undergone considerable minor changes. From the smallest product to the largest there are vehicles ranging upwards from the cheapest 8-h.p. model at £100 to a big five-seater saloon with a 6-cylinder engine and refined to an extent that almost defies description, but costing no more than £350. Within these two extremes there are 4- and 6-cylinder cars appealing each to a different field of motorists but fulfilling their requirements adequately no matter what individual tastes have to be satisfied.

A very full range is on view at Olympia and although it is not possible to include an example of every different type, inspection will make clear that there can be few markets that are not covered.

Improvements to the existing cars extend to the bodywork and the engine, greater power from a given size being a feature that will not be apparent at the

(Continued on p. 118)



The New Ranelagh limousine bids fair to prove one of the most popular types of body to be mounted on the largest chassis of the Austin range, namely the Twenty

AUSTIN

ALVIS

See the 1933 ALVIS Models at OLYMPIA, Stand 56, Main Hall

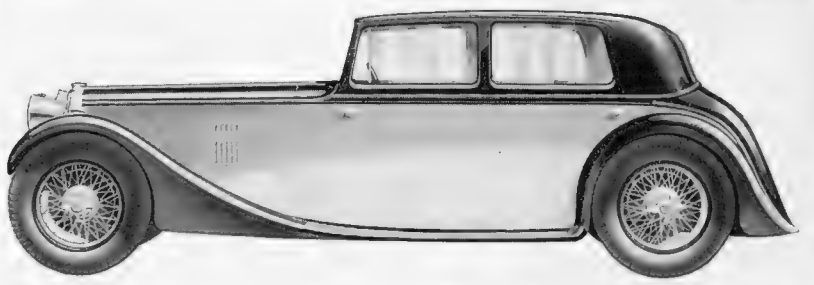
"Firefly" Twelve from £455

"Silver Eagle" from £695

"Speed Twenty" from £695

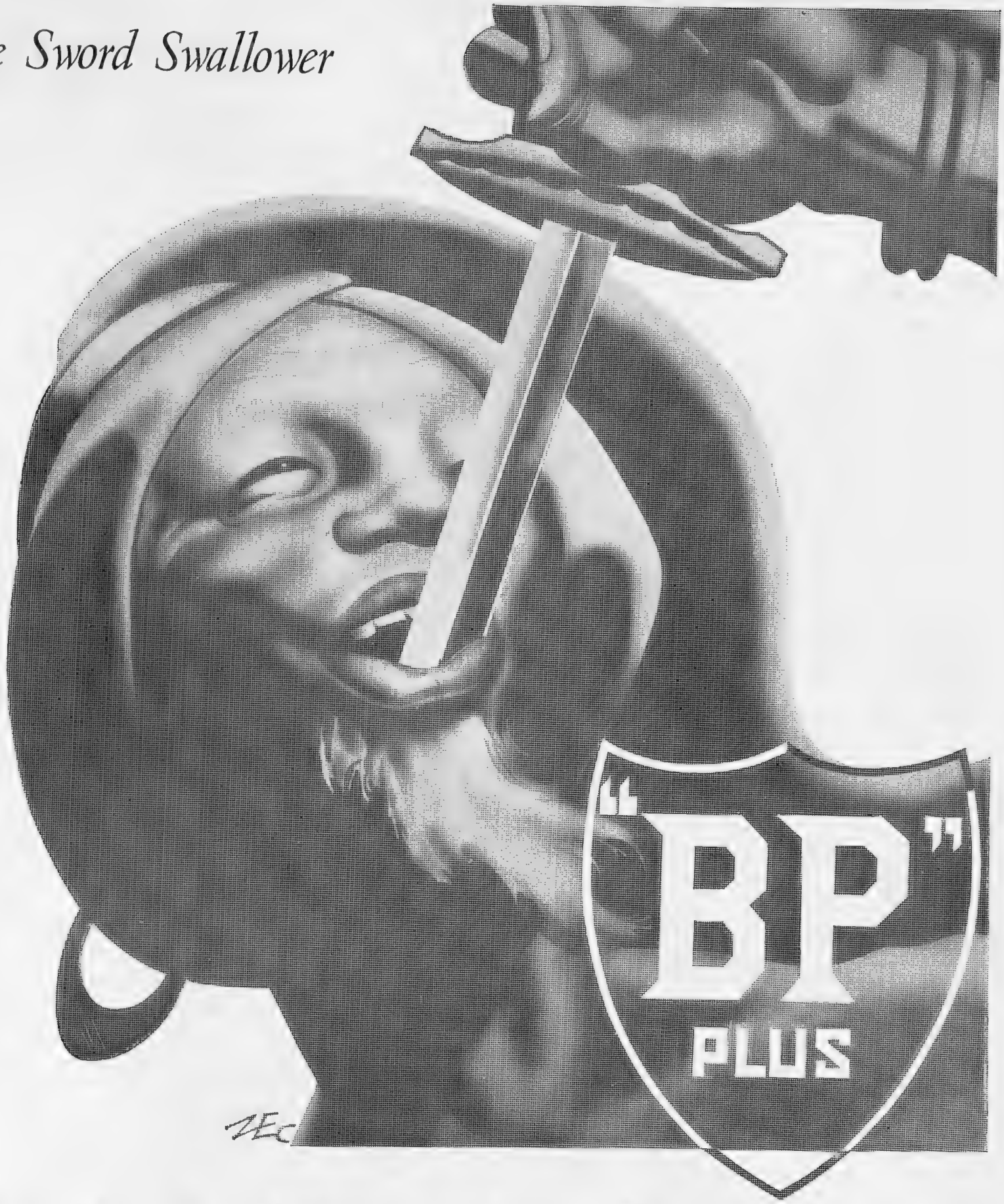
Genius of design, fine workmanship, and beauty of appearance, have made ALVIS famous throughout the world. Choose an ALVIS, each Model the leader of its class.

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., COVENTRY



CARS

The Sword Swallower



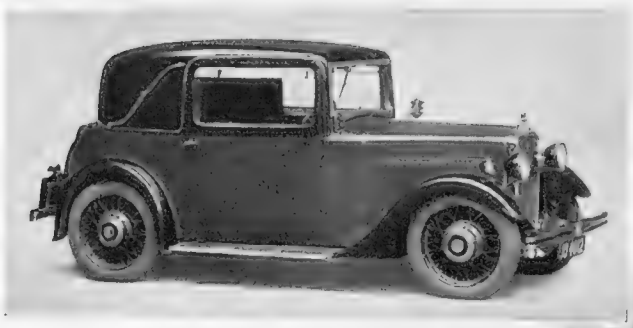
There is nothing miraculous about anti-knock fluid, BUT...

when a few drops of tetra-ethyl-lead, the best anti-knock specific science knows, are added to the finest straight petrol the result is an extraordinarily good motor spirit—BP Plus, with its little extra something.

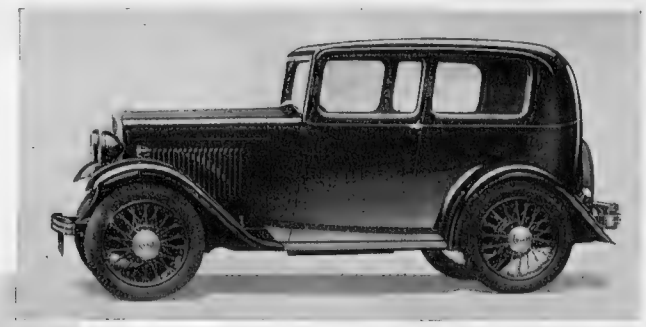
Plus a little something some others haven't got

NOTABLE CARS OF THE SHOW

(Continued from page 116)



MORRIS The special coupé model of the new Morris Ten which is capable of a speed of 60 m.p.h. and has a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g.



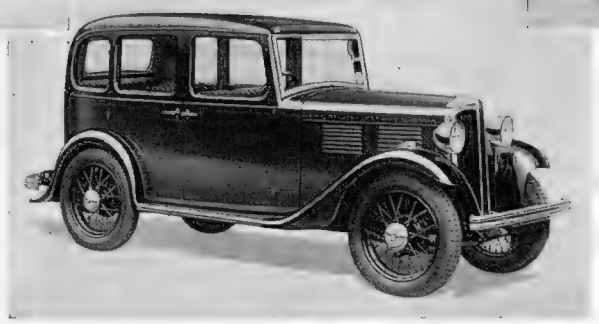
The Super Eight fitted with a pillarless saloon body which leaves the entire side of the car unrestricted when the doors are open **TRIUMPH**

Show, but one that nevertheless is to be borne in mind by a prospective purchaser.

STANDARD.—The Standard Motor Company, following an exceptionally good 1932 season, found themselves with no more cars to sell towards the end of the summer. Rather than delay the introduction of their new models, they announced them on July 1, a date considerably removed from the opening of Olympia at which it was once the custom to reveal only new products to the motoring world.

The successes of the Standard Motor Company during the past few years must be attributed to their policy of getting a good car and keeping to it, modernising where such a course was possible but maintaining basically the same types from one season to the next. Thus it is that we find the Standard Nine, the Sixteen, and the Twenty, the first a 4-cylinder and the others 6-cylinder cars, with us again for 1933. The Little Nine, which was introduced last year, is already a well-established favourite, and this model also is to be continued.

New models are the Little Twelve Six and the Big Twelve Six, titles which incidentally convey what they mean.



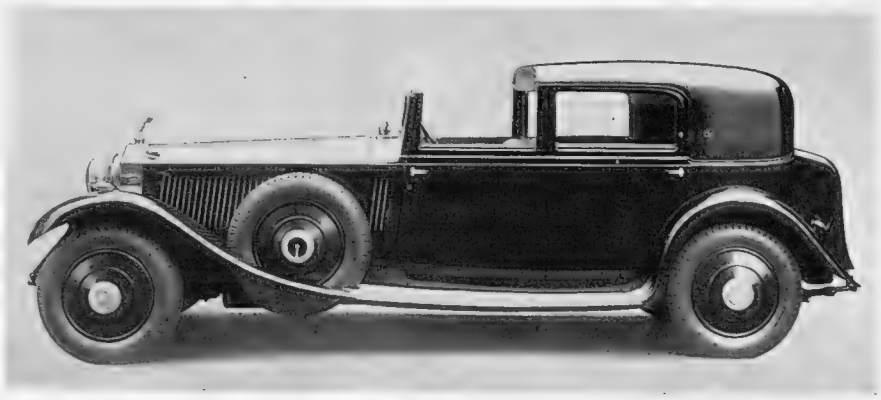
The Little Nine which has proved so popular during the past year **STANDARD** The Standard Motor Co. are exhibiting twelve models on their stand

TRIUMPH.—It has been the aim of the Triumph Company to offer in their cars vehicles so complete that no motorist need expend money on additional fittings. As an example of this admirable objective, one finds that every Triumph has a central jacking system, permanently positioned and available for use with any wheel that circumstance might make it necessary to raise.

The models that have already been known as the Super Sevens are now termed Super Eights, and there are officially no 7-h.p. cars in the range, although prices still remain favourably low, the little saloon or the two-seater costing £155 each complete.

Next in size there are the Super Nines, still 4-cylinder products with a useful range for hard work, but economical in upkeep costs, and certainly attractive in appearance. The model hitherto known as the Scorpion is now known as the Twelve Six, and here one finds a lively little car with all the advantages of a carefully balanced and efficient 6-cylinder power unit. It is rated at £12 per annum, and yet carries a full saloon body of generous proportions, and priced at under £200.

On the stand there are examples of the "pillarless" saloon in which the entire side of the car is free from restrictions when the front and rear doors are opened. Space does not permit a full list of the very generous equipment to be enumerated here, but it should be noted that four speed boxes with silent third ratios are now standardized throughout the range.



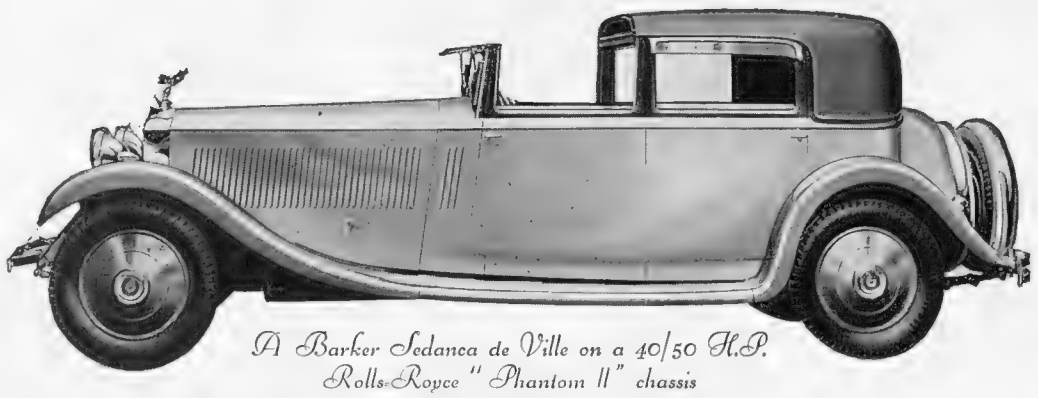
A Sedanca-de-ville body, seating six, mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Phantom II chassis **BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE** The exterior is cellulosed black with a white fine line. The interior is in sandstone cloth. Triplex glass is fitted throughout

Established 1710

By Appointment

BARKER COACHWORK

By Appointment



A Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" chassis

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED. 66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET LONDON, W.1

Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers. Telephone Grosvenor 2421

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW STAND 191

Also exhibiting on Rolls-Royce Stand 41

ROLLS-ROYCE

40/50 H.P. 20/25 H.P.

NO OTHER CAR HAS ALL ROLLS-ROYCE QUALITIES

It is not built primarily for speed, but to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most flexible and the most comfortable car AT ALL SPEEDS.

IT IS THE MOST DURABLE CAR EVER BUILT

It is built to last a great many years and to maintain ALL ITS QUALITIES during its lifetime. Thus it is AN ECONOMY.

IT EMBODIES ALL EXPERIENCE GAINED WITH EARLIER CLASSIC MODELS

The Rolls-Royce Co. have specialised in the manufacture of cars of the highest class and quality for the last 28 years.

QUITE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL CAR TO DRIVE

It is as suitable for strenuous long distance work at high average speeds, as for town work and shopping. NO CAR GLIDES ABOUT IN CONGESTED TRAFFIC WITH SUCH EFFORTLESS EASE AS A ROLLS-ROYCE.

ROLLS-ROYCE SERVICE IS A MODEL OF ORGANISATION

It has the best service organisation at home AND ABROAD. Rolls-Royce service is obtainable in France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, U.S.A., India, Australia, etc. Rolls-Royce service in the British Isles is recognised by owners as being unique.

These are some of the reasons why the Rolls-Royce is

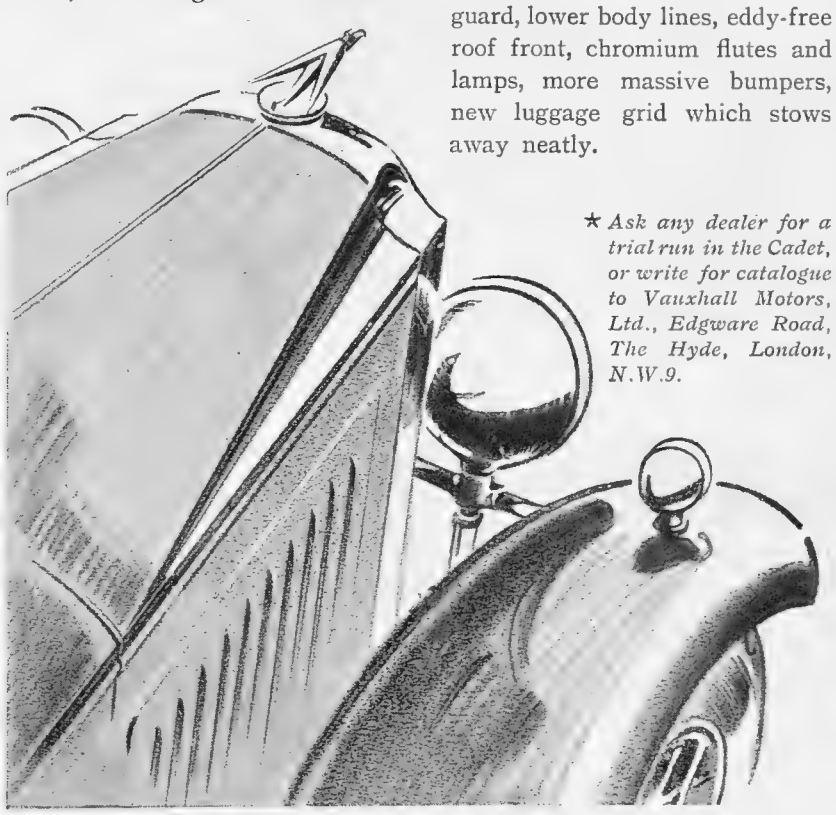
The BEST CAR in the WORLD

Rolls-Royce Ltd 14-15 Conduit Street London W1 Telephone Mayfair 6201

"What an easy car to drive!"

THIS "silky-performance" car just *makes* you drive well. In the Vauxhall Cadet, every gear-change is faultless, for you have Synchro-Mesh gears, with a Silent Second. Steering, acceleration, braking—all these demand a minimum attention; you can concentrate on the road all the time.

The exceptionally fine performance of the 1933 Cadet is due in part to the improved carburation, which gives more miles to the gallon and smoother acceleration. The aristocratic appearance of the car owes much to the improved body lines and the distinctive flutes, now bright chromium.



Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke, giving easier starting.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dual chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

★ *Ask any dealer for a trial run in the Cadet, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.*

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé, (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

See the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

SYNCHRO MESH FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

at Olympia—Stand No. 28

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

THE FORD MOTOR SHOW

A Special Exhibition at the White City

Mr. Henry Ford sold to the world over 5,000,000 of his model T cars before he changed his vehicle for something quite new. From an organization that could undertake so vast a problem, one would naturally expect big things in the future, and it is characteristic of the enterprise of the Ford Motor Company of Europe that they should have taken the White City, near Olympia, in order to display a range of their productions during the currency of the Olympia Exhibition.

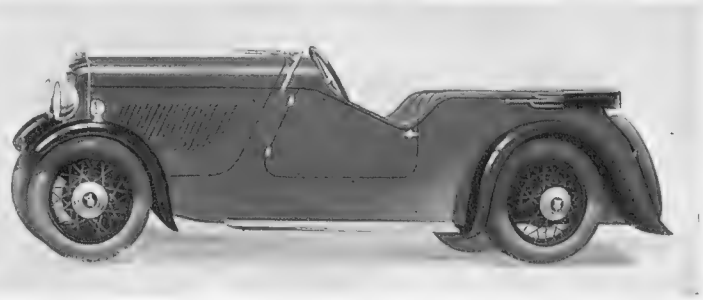
Before dealing in detail with the contents of the White City during the Ford week, let us consider one or two other things that this company has done within recent times. Desiring to demonstrate the reliability of the then modern Ford, 194 cars set out for a 72-hour continuous reliability run through the British Isles. The fleet covered more than one-third of a million miles during the period.

Arriving now at the beginning of this year, the new 8-h.p. model was announced, and to mark its introduction there was a vast Ford Exhibition at the Albert Hall in London, this in itself suggesting the heights to which even big companies might reasonably desire to go in order to display their products under the most favourable conditions.

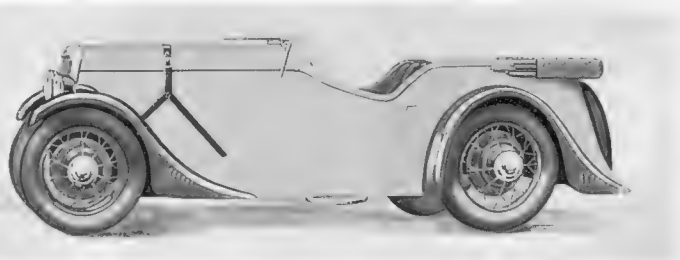
The White City was, however, deemed a better place in which to display the Ford range, and thus we have there from October 13 until October 22 an exhibition three times larger than that of the Albert Hall, bristling with interest in every section and containing a lot that is new and which has not yet been seen in public.

From the motorist's point of view the range of 8-h.p. Fords and the several examples of the latest Ford V-8 are of outstanding interest. There have been many modifications to the former since its introduction early this year. Now it is definitely in production at the vast Ford factory at Dagenham, Essex, and big business is keenly anticipated. The price of the car as a full-sized saloon is £120. The car has an engine of 933 cc., which places it in a class larger as regards engine output than the bulk of our so-called "baby" cars. The design in many respects is highly original, and the standard Ford bodywork will be found most attractive when compared with other cars in the small vehicle category.

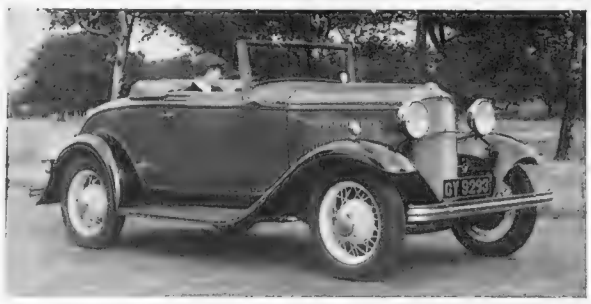
The 14·9 Tudor saloon, a full-sized roomy car with excellent performance



The V-8 cabriolet. The V-8 is the latest addition to the Ford range



A special sports touring body in cream and green on the 8-h.p. chassis



A V-8 sports tourer in light and dark green, shown at the exhibition by W. J. Reynolds of East Ham

It is the V-8 model that will attract the attention of numerous motorists as their ideal vehicle, long wanted but unattainable until Ford announced this remarkable car at prices lower than £300 even for the more expensive body types. The 8-cylinder engine, constructed in two banks of four, is taxed at £30 per annum, a figure that is perhaps staggering at first sight but feasible when the small initial cost and consequent lower depreciation is borne in mind.

The complete car weighs under 25 cwt., and with a power unit of such generous dimensions one might expect something out of the ordinary in its performance. This one certainly gets. Vast power, perfectly controlled, gives a rapid, effortless progression which must be experienced to be fully appreciated. The gear-box provides three speeds, because one seldom needs anything but top, and has a second ratio which is as silent as top, with a fool-proof change on the synchromesh principle. A road speed of close on 60 m.p.h. can be obtained on the intermediate ratio, and it makes one wonder what gradient there is that would call for the use of first gear.

The V-8 is a big and handsome car, and at its price is one of the most sensational introductions for many years past.

I have only mentioned these two models up to the present because they are, as I have said, the cars that will have the biggest appeal to motorists, particularly in view of the fact that examples are in the exhibition with special bodywork. Individual coachwork offers the Ford in a new guise, and the range on view will be well worth a visit, even if there were no other features in the exhibition.

Other Ford types are present such as the famous Lincoln shown as an 8-cylinder or a 12-cylinder car of a most luxurious order.

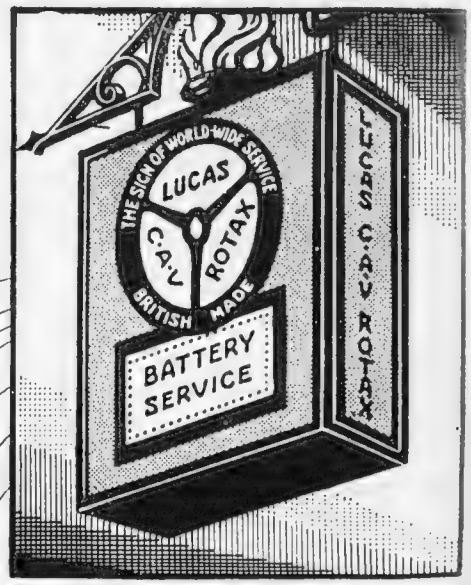
Turning away from cars, there are commercial and agricultural vehicles, machinery, and mechanical appliances of various and instructive types.

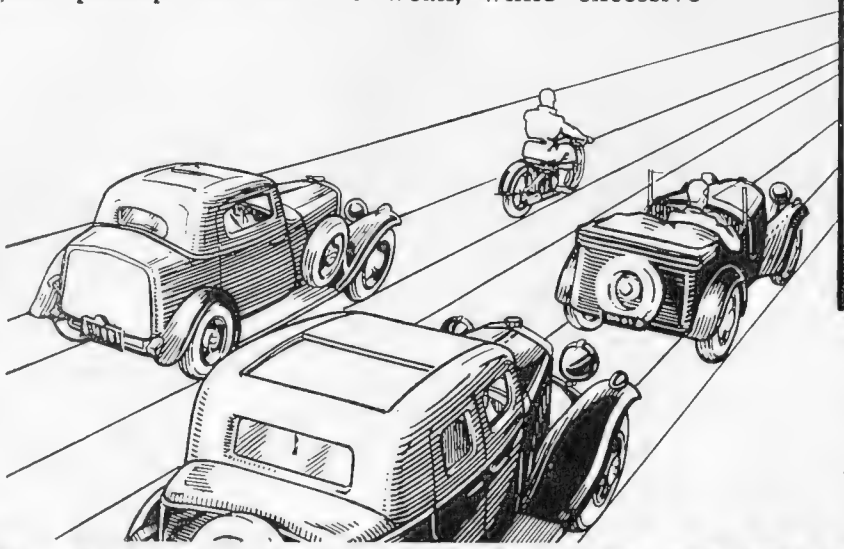
Lighter entertainment is to be found in the film theatre, where there is a continuous performance from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. each day, and finally there is a concert every afternoon and evening, famous bands and well-known artists appearing.

REAL BATTERY SERVICE
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

What is the remedy when your Battery begins to show signs of distress? There is only one answer, whatever the season of the year. Dont delay—run your car round to the nearest Official LUCAS-C.A.V.-ROTAX Battery Service Agent. There is always free, specialized advice awaiting you....the Battery may need only a good charge, or perhaps the acid is weak, while excessive evaporation can lower the acid level, particularly during the summer months.

The Battery is the heart of the electrical system and has to bear the brunt of the strain. The chain of LUCAS-C.A.V.-ROTAX Battery Service is at your disposal throughout the country. Use this service and get the maximum life from your Battery.





No other battery manufacturer offers you the same facilities that are yours under our Battery Renewal Scheme. If your LUCAS. C.A.V. or ROTAX Battery needs repairs and is under two years old, you may exchange it for a brand new one at a proportion of the original cost. Ask your local agent for details or send to us for Publication No. 102.

LUCAS-C·A·V-ROTAX
RAPID BATTERY SERVICE

OLYMPIA
STAND No. 387

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., C.B.S. DEPT., BIRMINGHAM.

I've been helping Betty choose a car, because she thought my experience would be useful. And it's lucky I did go, because she really had no idea. First she wanted a **red** *one, if you please! Why, she'd have to dye her hair before she went near the thing! Then she wanted one with a horn that went dee da doo daw, but I told her everyone would accuse her of copying the Higgs girl. Anyhow, in the end we found one with the sweetest little Sambo who winked when you opened the make-up case. So Betty bought it. And then I explained to her how you look after a car to make it last a long time. At least, I told her to be sure to use Castrol, which everyone says is the most important thing of all.*

THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

A DISTINCTIVE NEW TWELVE

A product of the age which combines ultra-modern coachwork with many features new in conception and advanced in principle. Luxury and economy encompassed by convenience in driving has been the designer's aim, resulting in "Freewheel Top," "Synchro-silent" transmission, "Anti-vibro" steering and "Automatic restarting"—all features which make driving all but automatic and yet perfectly safe.

Brief Specification: *Overhead valve four-cylinder engine: Bore 69 mm., stroke 100 mm., Treasury rating 11·8 h.p., 1496 cc. coil ignition. 4-speed gearbox "Synchro-silent" transmission: "Free-wheel top": "Automatic resilience"; "Automatic restarting": Four-wheel Bendix Duo-servo brakes: "Anti-vibro" steering: one-shot chassis lubrication: wheelbase 9' 3", track 4' 0": adjustable front seats: built-in rear luggage compartment: spare wheel carried at rear in metal cover: hide upholstery: Triplex glass in all windows.*

Study the details of this advanced thought.

Ask for a catalogue.

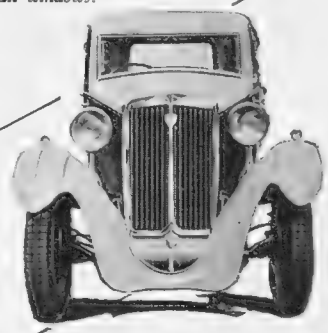
Special Four Door Saloon

£375

(ex works)

Stand No. 48

at Olympia



The A·J·S Twelve

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED, HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT

London Showrooms: 151-153 Great Portland Street, W.1. *London Sales and Service Station:* 111 Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10.

IS GERMANY DISARMED?

(Continued from p. 89)

whether they are selling for peace or war. Such is the unadorned prospect. Is it possible, in the above circumstances, honestly to acquiesce when Germany refers to herself as disarmed? When we remember the organizing ability and the slyness of that country? When we listen to von Seeckt referring to his "small combating army holding the enemy while a national one is being composed for the soil"? May not the hope be, with Germany's hundreds of thousands of trained athletes, to arm that national host inside of a very few weeks—weeks spent in hauling in or piling up the fuller wherewithal to wage war? Striking rail, road, and bridge innovations in Germany tend to support such a view.

This article admittedly brings one on to the French ground of the "potentiality of war-making" of a country, and that leads one on into a no-man's land of thought, the potentiality reposing not so much in convertible factories as in the causes prompting one set of men to be up and at a second lot.

Germany might well object, "Why should our potentiality be restricted and France's not?" and then France would point out that her potentiality does not equal the Reich's, nor would the French group's joint potentiality rise to that of Germany plus Russia.

The vicious circle is, in fact, complete, and may well remain so until we face up to the fact that Germany and Italy want things and that they are our equals and, with the French and ourselves, the best ultimate guarantors of relative order and quiet in Europe.

Meanwhile, however, it might not be unwise to take with a dash of salt Germany's appearing before us in the guise of a disarmed mortal; that should do no harm to the chances of appeasement, being on the road to veracity.

PRIVATE LIVES—PRIVATE FLYING

(Continued from p. 97)

The Comper Swift is the midget of the air except that it is a single seater; obviously it is the machine for the bachelor of either sex, and one has only to pay a visit to any aerodrome to see how many women really fly in these days. It seems odd that so tiny a machine—it is said to be the world's smallest aeroplane—should have broken all previous records in a flight to Australia of just over nine days, or have been the first light aeroplane to cross the Andes. Although so like a rather large duck, it yet offers the week-ending young man plenty of room for a full-size suitcase in a slot in the fuselage just under the engine. This and the fact that it can be stored in a small garage represent the *multum in parvo* of achievement in the building of light aeroplanes.

Then there is the family man; for him the Fox Moth is the family car in the air. It was designed by a family man—Mr. Hagg of the De Havilland Aircraft Co., and is large enough to take wife, children, and considerable baggage. Five people at a pinch can travel in it with no great discomfort, while for the owner who prefers to employ a pilot the comfort of luxury travel can be secured by having only two armchair seats in the cabin, which gives plenty of space for stretching the legs.

These are the machines which, together with the Puss Moth, will achieve in our day the same measure of popularity held by the light car and small sports car on the main roads to-day. Prices are well within the reach of most people who can afford to entertain private travel media and, with increased demands and facilities for the owner-pilot those moderate prices will become yet more moderate.

Granville Conway

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN IN VARIOUS FIELDS

(Continued from p. 108)

Whether the cinema becomes, as some fear, an instrument for the vulgarization of human taste and the blunting of human sensibility, or whether it becomes an agency for the sharpening of perception and the propagation of beauty, depends very largely upon the work of a few trained, talented enthusiasts. And in this country few of these are doing better work than Elsie Cohen, organizer of the Academy Theatre in Oxford Street. Beginning her career as a general journalist, she became attached to the *Kinematograph Weekly*, and so transferred her scattered interests to the films. Since then she has experienced almost every kind of film work except acting. She was in Holland working on the production side of Anglo-Dutch films; she was in Germany in the great days of Emil Jannings; she has worked in Paris, in America, in Italy. Her all round experience is of the greatest use to her now that she has achieved the dream of her life, the complete control of a cinema theatre to which she can bring all the great films of the world. Forthcoming programmes at the Academy include Swedish, German, French, Chinese, Japanese, and Russian films. Miss Cohen is just off to Italy to secure the rights of Italian talkies. She believes in the film as a force for international understanding, and has certainly established herself as an international figure. Her office is a clearing house for information about films sent all over the world. Her infectious enthusiasm, her wide knowledge, and the indubitable fact that she can make the intellectual film pay as a commercial proposition are undoubtedly having a vital influence upon the history of the cinema in England.

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

(Continued from p. 94)

the rooms thronged with the famous men and women who have been there, dressed in the height of fashion and glittering with jewels. Such magnificent spectacles so frequent then are very rare nowadays. Nash knew well what he was doing when he designed these houses, for inside and out they are perfect of their kind. Stucco has been much derided, but there is probably no other surface more suitable to London, for a wash and a coat of paint, which it is meant to have every two or three years, bring it back to its original beauty and cleanliness; whereas Portland stone, so white and clean when it is first put up, collects all the soot and dirt of London, and the white building is soon black and remains so.

Everything about these houses is on the grand scale. Although typical of their period, the main reception-rooms are lavish in a way that the other rooms are not, yet there are no poky little rooms up in the roof here as there are in so many old houses. The kitchens are of course tremendous, and the kitchen table is a revelation. It is built on the centre of the floor round a pillar, and the table top is of solid oak some four inches thick. These are not houses which could be run with only a few servants on the cheap, but they are spacious enough to allow of the putting in of lifts and generally bringing them up to date. They represent an era when England was prosperous and had a courtly grandeur that is gone. They are Crown property, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings protested in vain when No. 4, Carlton Gardens, was first threatened. To erect in its place a commercial building in Portland stone seems a sacrilege. The German Embassy still occupies No. 9, Carlton House Terrace, and one could wish that more of these houses were used for such purposes and so maintained—a beautiful monument to one of the greatest periods in English history.

M. I. B.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A Sale of Work will be held at Fordham House, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, on Thursday, November 3, in aid of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. The Sale will be opened at 3 p.m. by Mrs. Miller, and the Society appeals to readers of THE SPHERE to kindly send useful gifts and also to attend the Sale, admission to which is free. Councillor Bracewell Smith, M.P., J.P. (Mayor of Holborn), has kindly consented to attend and take the Chair.

BIBBY LINE

WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS

SPECIALLY REDUCED RETURN FARES:

	From LIVERPOOL	From MARSEILLES
EGYPT - - - -	£47	£40
SUDAN - - - -	£63	£53
CEYLON and SOUTHERN INDIA	£85	£80
BURMA - - - -	£100	£95
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS - -	£111	£107

MEDITERRANEAN TOURS

GIBRALTAR for Southern Spain and Morocco
MARSEILLES for South of France and the Riviera

ONLY FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS CARRIED.

An inclusive fare covering ship, rail and hotel, quoted on application.

Write for Illustrated Booklet to:

BIBBY BROS. & Co. MARTINS BANK BUILDING, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL
22, PALL MALL, LONDON

•A *beautiful* EASY CHAIR *in* COW-HIDE

DEEP-SEATED stuff-over **EASY CHAIR** in COW-HIDE. Well sprung in Arms and Back as well as in the seat. Upholstered in Fibre and Hair. The loose Seat Cushion is filled with feathers and covered with Velveteen.

Height 2 ft. 7 ins. Width across Arms 2 ft. 11 ins. Depth of Seat inside Arms, 2 ft

£7·10·0

5 ft. 3 ins. **SETTEE** to match, **£11 5s. 0d.**

This **EASY CHAIR** can also be supplied covered with fine quality uncut Moquette or Tapestry in various shades: **£8 12s. 6d.** 5 ft. 3 ins. **SETTEE** to match, **£12 15s. 0d.**

S.15192

Please write for a free copy of
HAMPTONS AUTUMN BOOK (C. 205).
Illustrated in colours, it describes articles of beauty and quality at exceptionally low prices in every Department.

HAMPTONS

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephone: WHITEHALL 1020.

CVS-129

FORTUNINO MATANIA'S
Famous Picture

"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"

"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"
An incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders.
By F. MATANIA, R.I., the famous artist.

In response to many requests a reprint of this striking picture has nowbeenmade in photo-gravure. Size of picture, 11½ ins. by 17¼ ins., on plate sunk mount 15½ ins. by 22 ins.

Copies are now to be obtained, price 5/- each.

Copies signed by the artist, price 10/6 each.

Postage 6d. extra.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—
Dept. E, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Autumn Sunshine

On the lakes, at the seaside, in the cities, Italy is just now a paradise for people on holiday. Glorious autumn sunshine makes sport, sea and sun bathing very enjoyable. A stay in Italy is delightfully restful, full of interest and really inexpensive. There are excellent hotels, of all categories. Enjoy an autumn sunshine holiday this year. Hundreds of resorts, large and small, to choose from.

ENIT

ITALY

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPT.—E.N.I.T.
16 Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1
or principal travel agents.

About game

a bird on the dish

We are now well launched on the richest gastronomic season of the year. Everything is moving towards the climax of Christmas. Oysters we have and game. Ah! game; that, too, becomes more profuse as the weeks go by, and, while we still lament the passing of grouse, what consolations we are offered: woodcock, plover, wild-duck, partridge, pheasant. Soon the fresh foie gras will arrive and the season will reach its apotheosis with the pompous entry of fresh truffles.

In the old days, we are told, the roasting of grouse and pheasant in English country houses used to be a thing to dream of; the birds, roasted on a spit, were succulent and delicious. One is quite prepared to believe this, but still it does not seem to be an excuse for the monotony of the inevitable roasting to which game is treated to-day; and in modern times, when roasting simply means baking in an oven, there seems to be all the more reason for breaking away from the old tradition.

The trouble is that people are frightened of tackling what they call complicated dishes. They think it requires a highly-trained chef to prepare a dish which includes a special sauce and certain seasonings. This is quite wrong, for many of these dishes are all the better for being prepared in a simple manner.

So let us try a few new preparations. Pheasant cooked in a sauce, partridges *aux choux*, and the wise housewife will certainly make a little stock of *terrines* which can be kept for several weeks and which will prove so useful later on.

Perdrix aux Choux.

For this dish one can use older and, therefore, cheaper birds, allowing half a partridge to each person. A good-sized Savoy (white) cabbage would provide enough for six people.

Clean and cut into four pieces the cabbage, wash it well in salted water, remove it, draining it thoroughly.

Truss the partridges and put them in a deep casserole with a piece of butter, salt, pepper, an onion and a carrot cut into small pieces, and a thick rasher of fat bacon also cut up. Let all this brown over a moderate fire, add a tablespoonful of flour (sprinkled slowly all over), a teacupful of stock or *consommé*, and a sprig of thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf tied together. Cover the casserole and simmer for twenty minutes.

Add the cabbage cut into small pieces, pressing it well down so that it is well immersed in the sauce; cover the casserole again and simmer very gently until the cabbage is quite cooked, which should take at least one hour and a half. A few minutes before serving, a few Chipolata sausages, previously fried, may be added.

To serve, arrange the cabbage on the dish with the partridges, untrussed and cut into halves, placed on top, dispose the carrots and the sausages around, and pour over the sauce through a strainer.

Faisan Poché au Céleri.

First make a fresh stock with a few pieces of stewing beef trimmed of all fat, a carrot, an onion, and a head of celery cleaned and cut into small pieces, all put into cold water with salt and pepper, brought to the boil and simmered very slowly for one hour. The stock should be kept free from scum. Meanwhile have your pheasant cleaned and trussed and put it into the stock. It must cook very gently for thirty-five minutes, longer of course if the bird is not very young. When it is cooked remove and keep it hot.

Melt a tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter in a saucepan over a slow fire; when you have a really smooth paste, add, little by little and stirring all the time, enough of the stock to make a creamy sauce. Add salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of white wine, and cook gently for ten minutes, whipping well. Should the sauce become too thick, go on adding a little more stock.

Put the pheasant on a hot serving dish, garnish with pieces of cooked celery neatly arranged, and pour over the sauce through a fine strainer. If preferred, the celery can be passed through a sieve and mixed in with the sauce. No other vegetable should be served with this dish except, perhaps, some *soufflées* or *sautées* potatoes.

Canard Sauvage au porto

Roast a wild duck in the usual way and serve with the following sauce:

Fry an onion, chopped, in butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, salt, and pepper, and mix well together over a slow fire, cooking for about five minutes after the addition of the flour. Add a teacupful of stock, bring to boil, stirring all the time, and then stir in a good glass of port wine. Add prepared mustard to taste and cook for ten minutes very slowly. Pour the sauce through a fine strainer or a muslin into a clean saucepan, add a teacupful of fresh cream and cook together, shaking the pan occasionally until the sauce is really thick. The best way to serve the wild duck is to have it carved in the kitchen, disposing the pieces in a hot serving dish with the sauce poured over. Plain cooked potatoes or a *purée* of potatoes should be served, but orange salad is not a good accompaniment to this dish.

Robin Knight

Jam Roly-Poly !

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from — Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

459

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)

THE INSPIRATION
OF
SUBTLE PERFECTION

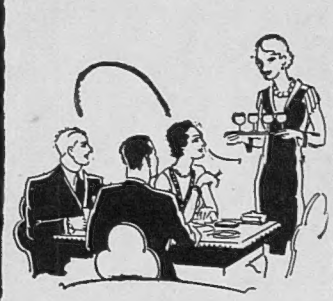
To the Connoisseur, the secret of the fascinating difference between an ordinary Cocktail and perfection is

FONTORICE
FRENCH VERMOUTH

Obtainable at the leading Wine Merchants and Stores, Shipping Agents—Cock, Russell & Co., 20, Eastcheap, London, E.C. 3.

TRIDENT
SALMON & SHRIMP
THE PASTE for the BEST SANDWICHES

"Listen to the Whispers of Little Lady Liqueur"



THE OCCASION —The "post mortems" of the afternoonbridge party are being forgotten in the deliciousness of a glass of GRANT'S MORELLA Cherry Brandy.

THE WHISPER — "What a wise hostess you are to mellow the bridge party with Britain's Supreme Liqueur. As you know so well, GRANT'S MORELLA is outstanding in charm and quality amongst all of the many makes of Cherry Brandy. All wise hosts and hostesses do as you do —ask the wine merchant to send GRANT'S MORELLA."

BRITAIN'S SUPREME LIQUEURS are GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY, and GRANT'S BRITISH CRÊME de MENTHE which is equally delicious.

THOS. GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE, KENT. (*Established* 1774)

Whispers about Occasions for
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY
Welcome Always — Keep it Handy

QUEEN'S SWEET—SPORTSMAN'S DRY

AGED • OF RARE

MELLOWNESS • • •

SUBTLE BOUQUET •

DISTINCTIVE • • BY

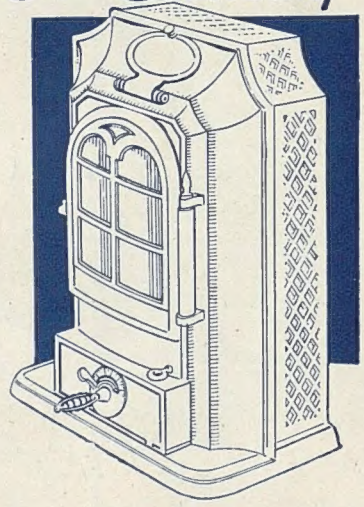
HOST • BY GUESTS •

BY ALL PREFERRED

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

The Essential
"ESSE"
The Last Word in Economy



CAN you afford *not* to have an "ESSE" Stove? The steady regulated warmth from an "ESSE" Stove (burning anthracite or other smokeless fuel) can be obtained throughout the 24 hours at an average cost of one farthing per hour. Only a minute or two for refuelling and removal of a little ash once a day—no smoke, soot or dust—but pure, ventilated, healthy warmth. For living room, hall, bedroom or office.

In various designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards. Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove dealer.

ESSE
STOVES

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.
Established 1854.
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

VAPEX
WILL STOP THAT COLD

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *October* 15, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.